SENTIMENTAL EXCURSIONS TO WINDSOR AND OTHER PLACES,

WITH

NOTES critical, illuſtrative, and explanatory, by ſeveral eminent Perſons, male and female, living and dead.

" As a MOTTO is a Word to the Wiſe, or rather
" a broad Hint to the whole World of a Perſon's
" Taſte and Principles, VIVE LA BAGATELLE,
" would be moſt expreſſive of your Ladyſhip's
" Characteriſtic."——

MACKLIN'S MAN OF THE WORLD.

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M DCC LXXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are to consider this Dedication as a grateful return to the warmth of your friendship, a just tribute to the integrity of your heart.—Seven years intimacy have convinced me of both—

Exclusive of these motives, I have another—

The author of Sir CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN, merits respect from every Irishman.—That character has been of national service, by being a means of removing, in a great measure, illiberal prejudices which had too long promoted enmity between sister-kingdoms, but are now happily diminished.

I am,

most sincerely your's,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS *Bagatelle* appeared originally in the PUBLIC LEDGER, in detached pieces, moſt of which were copied from that paper into the MORNING HERALD.——And they having received the approbation of the Public, the writer was induced to collect them into a volume; and as he will purſue the ſubject in the *Ledger*, ſhould this volume have ſucceſs, he will ſhortly publiſh another.

SEN-

SENTIMENTAL EXCURSIONS.

I Read and read, but could not retain a word of what I read.—So many friends flowed in upon me daily to breakfaſt, and ſo many friends to carry me out to dine, that to underſtand the doctrine of *deſcents*, the point I was ſtudying, was impoſſible. I muſt cut off, ſaid I, the *entail* of theſe engagements, and become maſter of my own time.

Returning from the *Grecian* at one in the morning, I ordered my ſervants to pack up my cloaths, with a few books; and at ſix, he, with my portmanteau on his ſhoulders, and I, with *Lord Coke* under one arm, (with whom I intended to comment upon *old* law) and Sir James Burrow (from whom I expected in-

ſtruction in *new* law) under the other (1), ſet off for the Windſor ſtage.

The coach was empty, ſo ordering my man to mount the outſide, and going inſide myſelf, after muſing a few minutes on the great progreſs I ſhould make in the *art* and ſcience of juriſprudence, during the vacation, between *Eaſter* and *Trinity term*, I folded my arms within each other, having firſt wrapped myſelf in a large cloak, threw myſelf along the ſeat, and wiſhing farewel to London, to all the pleaſures of London and to all its temptations, fell into a profound ſlumber.

(1) I do not underſtand what our journaliſt here means by his diſtinction between *old* and *new* law; the efficient principles of law are *immutable*, the *coincidents* are the ſame; therefore modern determinations ſhould *coincide* with ancient adjudications; otherwiſe, notwithſtanding the *co-exiſtence* of legal principles which I have proved, *ſomewhere*, to be at leaſt *coequal* with nature itſelf, judgments upon the ſame principles would be deficient in *co-operation*. Lord Coke's Reports are called the *goſpel* of the law. ——Sir James Burrow's Reports may be ſtiled the *Apocalypſe* of the law, and as for my reports, I am determined to have them called the *Apocrypha* of the law.——C. L * * T.

THE

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

THIS was in the merry month of May, when the whole animal creation, from the minuteſt inſect the microſcope diſcovers upon the leaf, to the largeſt beaſt which grazes in the field, or preys in the foreſt; when the fowls of the air, from the diminutive humming bird to the eagle of the ſun; when the fiſhes of the ſea, from the little ſprat to the unwieldy leviathan, pay implicit obedience to that divine ordinance of heaven, *increaſe and multiply*. I ſay, it was in the month of May, ſo juſtly ſtiled "the mother of love," when nature wears an univerſal ſmile, when every plant and tree ſprouts forth in bud and bloſſom, and the whole earth is cloathed in variegated green: being faſt aſleep in a ſtage-coach on the road to Windſor, and my imagination having taken an excurſion in a dream to viſit,

to converſe with, and to embrace, ſome dear friends in Ireland, I was diſturbed from my ſweet viſion about five miles from London, by a tremendous voice, from the ſide of the road, which with reiterated vociferation, roared out, Stop! ſtop!

My hands inſtinctively ſlipped into my breeches pocket, and with a motion equally involuntary, drew forth a ſmall purſe, containing the ſmall ſum of one guinea and a few ſhillings, to give the highwayman. The coachman at the ſame inſtant drew up his horſes.

If any hero wiſhes to be informed why I did not rather apply to my piſtols—I had none with me, or if I had, I ſhould not have applied to them.

Indeed, inſtead of charging my piſtols, which I left hanging up in my chambers, where may they long hang for ornaments, I had prepared the ſmall ſum I have before mentioned, and put it into the little purſe aforeſaid, in caſe of being ſtopped; for it has long been my opinion, that if a man conſiders his

own intereſt, in which undoubtedly his *peace of mind* has an intimate and large ſhare—to part with what he can ſpare from his abſolute neceſſities, will appear preferable to riſquing life for a trifle. It requires no great portion of humanity to conclude, that to deprive a fellow-creature of life, and diſpatch his ſoul in the very act of ſin, to "that country "from whoſe bourne no traveller re-"turns," though compatible with earthly *juſtice*, muſt be offenſive to eternal *mercy*. If this aſſertion be erroneous, how comes it that the act of ſacrificing a wretch's life in defence of a paltry ſum, always impreſſes upon the mind of the avenger, a horror which amounts to puniſhment?

As the coach-door opened I put out my hand—here, my honeſt friend, ſaid I, addreſſing myſelf to the highwayman, here, take my money.

I received a ſhot in return for my courteſy——.

I ſay a ſhot—but not a ſhot from a piſtol, nor a ſhot from a blunderbuſs—it was a chain-

ſhot, or a double-headed ſhot, which you pleaſe, diſcharged from a pair of as bright eyes as ever wounded the heart of an unwary traveller.

The lady miſtaking the offer of my hand, which intended to convey my purſe to the ſuppoſed highwayman, for an offer to aſſiſt her into the carriage, ſeized it with the moſt good humoured familiarity, and fixing her right foot firm upon the coach-ſtep, raiſed her body up with a ſpring of agility, which clearly proved, elaſticity was not the leaſt property in her compoſition.

Thus ſhe ſtood in equilibrium, nodding and ſmiling a farewel over her left ſhoulder, to a male friend, the perſon who had ordered the coach to ſtop: and taking her ſeat exactly oppoſite to me, ſhe waved her hand out of the coach window, to her parting companion —the coachman, with a *hoi*, *hoi*, and a crack of his whip, informed his horſes of their duty, the horſes obeyed, and we drove on.

THE POCKET HOOP.

IT is aſtoniſhing, that women will encumber their perſons ſo as to alter the elegant ſymmetry of the human frame!—The perſon of a fine woman is the moſt beautiful edifice in nature!—True beauty conſiſts in ſimplicity, and the figure of a well-made female always ſhews to the beſt advantage when its ornaments are ſimple—it ſhould never be embelliſhed in the *compoſite* order.—From the days of *fig-leaves*, to the preſent time, *art* has only laboured to diſguiſe nature.——

Hiſtory informs us, that Queen Elizabeth was remarkable for the protuberance of *the rotunda*; and this, ſay the antiquarians in dreſs, firſt introduced the faſhion of hoops. But whether this *rotunda* was a *permanent rotunda behind*, natural to the make of her Majeſty, or a *temporary* rotunda *before*, ariſing

ariſing from a *natural cauſe*, authors are ſilent (1).

(1) Hoops are of much greater antiquity than our author ſeems to have a knowledge of.—They were worn by the Greeks and Romans. Queen Elizabeth's hoop was called a *farthingal*, it gave riſe to *ſcandal*, but to keep her Majeſty in countenance, the whole court aſſumed *big bellies*, which ſoon became the general pink of the mode. This courtly condeſcenſion to the Virgin Queen, has nothing particular in it.—— When Queen Anne had a lame leg, the women of faſhion carried crutch-ſticks; and not many years paſt, the late French King being forced to cut off the fore-top of his hair, on account of a *ſcald-head*, not only the nobility and gentry of France, but the nobility and gentry of Great-Britain and Ireland, cropped their upper locks cloſe to the ſcull. When Henry VIII. in 1521, cut his hair ſhort, all England followed his example. *Camer. Oper. Subciſio Cent.* 358.——C. C—TT—R—L.

The divine writer, Iſaiah, deſcribes the Jewiſh ladies of his time, in an attire ſo exactly ſimilar to that which diſtinguiſhes the modern Engliſh ladies of the *ton*, that one would imagine he was propheſying of their dreſs. He mentions their ſtomachers and their towering heads, their curls, their flowing garments, and their criſping-pins. Solomon too, who having the experience of five hundred wives, and fifteen hundred concubines, and of courſe muſt have been well acquainted with the influence of the female over the male ſex, in his admonitions to youth, cautions them to beware of the ruſtling of ſilks, and the creeking of heels, for it leads to——it led Solomon, the wiſeſt of mankind, from the worſhip of the Almighty God to the ſacrifice of idols.——MADAN, D. D.

A hoop,

A hoop, ſays an old writer, is an airy cool dreſs.—That may be, anſwers a modern writer, arguing upon the ſame ſubject—but how comes it to paſs that Queen Elizabeth, who was a *virgin* Queen, and her *maids* of *honour*, who were *virgins* by *virtue* of their office, ſhould require more cooling than their grandmothers? Now the queſtion is very eaſily anſwered—Queen Elizabeth and her *maids* of honour were *virgins*—their grandmothers certainly were not.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſaid my fellow-traveller, we ſhall breakfaſt here, as the coach ſtopped at the *Star and Garter* at Kew-bridge.—I leaped out, and gave the lady my hand:—ſhe ſprung forward, but the treacherous hoop croſſing the door of the coach, gave ſo ſudden a jerk to the lady, that as ſhe ſprung ſhe fell, and as ſhe fell, of courſe the hoop became inverſed, as you may have ſeen an umbrella, or *paraſol*, on a windy day—ſhe ſlipped from under her garments.—Heaven preſerve us!

I fixed my eyes upon the *ſign*.——It is the *Star and Garter*, ſaid I to myſelf, in an un-

der voice, and in the ſame tone I read the motto——

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

I kept my eyes fixed upon the *ſign*, without once attempting to extricate the lady. Had it been the ſign of the *Gorgon*'s head, I could not have been more *petrified*;—but my man, who had now deſcended from the roof of the coach, having more preſence of mind, entered the coach at the oppoſite door, and taking the lady by the ſhoulders, gently pulled her backwards, while I ſmoothed her cloaths, and brought the villainous hoop to its primitive ſituation.

The lady, having adjuſted her drapery, came out ſideways—

I led her into the houſe, and being ſhewn into a room—ſhe curſed her hoop in a tone of bitterneſs infinitely more vindictive than the curſe itſelf—but how could I ſay *Amen?*—I conſidered myſelf under ſome obligations to the

the object of her curſes, "ſo *amen* ſtuck in my throat (1)."

(1) —Seraglios—Spaniſh protections. I tell you they are nothing to the Engliſh hoop. Confinement ſtimulates a woman to do that which otherwiſe would never enter her head—and pray Sir, did you ever hear that a *padlock* could protect a *leathern* portmanteau from the plundering hand of a robber? I tell you no woman has her chaſtity ſo well fortified, as an Engliſh woman of the preſent day. Who the devil can approach her? In the rear ſhe carries *baſtions* of cork—in front ſhe has *crown-works* of whalebone—on the right and left *flanks* and *gorgeats*, nothing is wanting to compleat the ſtrength of the place but a *tenaille* in the *ditch*.—But if the faſhion continues, Sir, we ſhall never be able to carry a point by *ſtorm*.—True, and therein lies the ſafety of female chaſtity, for all approaches muſt now be carried on by *ſap*, whenever a lady commits *faux pas* in the day-time—do you mind, in the day-time—ſhe muſt never more blame her ſtars, or attempt to excuſe the tranſgreſſion by the ſuddenneſs of the attack, as ſo many preparatory *manœuvres* are neceſſary to the *diſmantling* of the place.

Now, the daughter of the old General who was making theſe wiſe remarks upon the utility of hoops, was preparing for bed in an adjacent room, and by clapping a hand to each hip, and drawing a ſlip-knot, overturned every thing her father ſaid—for down came the *fortification*, with the *baſtions* and the *crown-works* flap upon the floor. I wiſh, ſaid the young lady, ſlipping under the bed-cloaths, my father's wiſh would ſucceed.—I wiſh it was the faſhion for every woman to have a *tenaille* in the ditch.——

TOBY.

It was all my own fault, ſaid the lady;—I ſhould have come out ſideways at firſt.—But the way you attempted to come, Madam, ſaid I, was the moſt *natural*.—True, ſhe replied but not the moſt *fortunate*; our *natural* movements ſeldom are, ſaid I—till this inſtant I conſidered *hoops* as protections from ſuch accidents, replied the lady, but I now perceive they render one's *motions* very *unnatural*—ſo ſaying, ſhe retired. Breakfaſt was ſerved in:—the lady returned, diveſted of her hoop—her dimity jacket fitted her ſhape exactly—her petticoat hung in folds—an elegant *negligee* appearance marked her perſon—the conſcious tint upon her cheek indexed the continuance of her confuſion.—We breakfaſted, and having aſcended the carriage with caution, and taken our ſeats, without further accident, purſued our journey.

Though the air in the month of May is more congenial to the blood, and more invigorating to the conſtitution of all animals, than the air of any other month in the year; yet

yet man, or woman, after long reſidence in the metropolis, the pores being open, and the muſcles being relaxed, by the heat of full theatres, balls, routs, maſquerades, ridottos, cloſe rooms, and ſea-coal fires, will find the morning breeze of the country too ſharp for their unbraced nerves and debilitated joints.

This was my caſe——I perceived my fair companion alſo ſhrunk from the acuteneſs of the biting air, and ſought comfortable warmth in cloſely wrapping round her a pale pink ſattin cloak, lined with ſable fur.

I don't know a more pleaſing *contraſt* than *pink* faced with *black*—and the lining of the lady's cloak formed ſuch a contraſt, the *black fur* with which it was lined, turning over the edge of the *pink ſattin* like a *facing* or lapel (1).

(1) Scarlet, faced with black, has been the uniform of the braveſt troops; it was worn by *Ligonier*'s horſe, who fought with ſuch amazing courage at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and is now worn by—*the London Military Aſſociation.*——ANONYMOUS.

Perceiving,

Perceiving, then, that the lady not only indicated an aguiſh tremor, but that ſleep had ſhed his drowſy influence upon her lids, which repeatedly dropped their "fringed curtains" over her eyes;—I propoſed drawing up the coach-blinds—the lady complied.———

We both benefited by the precaution.——

The lady ſoon involuntarily reſigned herſelf to the ſoft folding arms of ſleep, who fixed his leaden ſeal upon her eyes.——I exerciſed my mind in meditation.

It has been ſaid, that ſleep is the emblem of death. The object I looked upon, ſo far from raiſing this gloomy idea in me, produced a quite contrary effect.—I thought of nothing but *life*, and *prolongation of life*—my thoughts aroſe from my *feelings*, my feelings from what I ſaw—but my feelings were not merely *local*—life trembled through the current of my blood—dilated my heart—inſpired my ſoul—expanded my thoughts—warmed my imagination to extaſy—and, I anſwer for it, ſpoke at my eyes.

How

How eaſy would it have been at that inſtant to have *tickled* me to death—I ſhould have ſhrunk from the touch like a ſenſitive plant.——

The lady ſlept on——

A ME-

A MEDITATION.

THE ſcene at the inn-door, when I innocently gazed up on the *Star and Garter*, was freſh in my memory. Not an aſtronomer of them all, from Ptolemy the Egyptian, down to Copernicus the German, and from Copernicus the German, down to Newton the Engliſhman, had ever ſo ſtrong a conception of the *hirſute* conſtellation, called by *ſtar-gazers Berenice*'s *locks*, as I had of the *ſign* at Kew-bridge.—Every object was painted upon my imagination in the moſt lively colours.

I recollected the lady's confuſion on the unfortunate event of her *pocket-hoop*—and this recollection produced in my mind an inveſtigation of *modeſty*.—When an Indian was aſked how he could go naked, and expoſe his body to the cold air, he anſwered, "becauſe I "am all *face*." Now the ſame anſwer would have

have been as pertinent had it related to *modeſty*, inſtead of *feeling*; for in thoſe countries, where the inhabitants go perfectly naked, they look upon each other as undiſturbed, with as chaſte an eye, and unfluſhed countenance, as if they were *all face*. With them every part is equally indifferent as to ſight: the leſs *modeſty* the leſs *feeling*;—the leſs *feeling*, the leſs *incontinence*, in thought, in word, and in deed.

The *Lacedæmonians* were remarkable for *virtue*, yet poſſeſſed very little *modeſty*; and when we compare their cuſtoms with the cuſtoms of the chearful, happy inhabitants of the *ſouthern iſles*, diſcovered by Captain Cooke, it appears the Lacedæmonians were perfect *maſters*, and *miſtreſſes* too, of the celebrated *Timiradi dance*, practiſed by the people of both ſexes in *Otaheite* (1). It muſt be left to the judgment of

(1) Plato, after the example of ſeveral well inſtituted republicks, ordained, that the men and women of all ages ſhould diveſt themſelves of their cloathing, and appear perfectly naked; you will ſee the reaſon of it in his *Gymnaſtick*. The women of *Pegu* wear no covering below the waiſt, but a cloath ſlit up

of the ladies, whether the daughter of *Cato* was right in her opinion, that women ſhould *take off* and *reaſſume* their *modeſty* with their *garments*. It is certain the Roman matron was a *patriot*, not however of that claſs of *patriots* who ornament the *preſent times*; ſhe was not influenced by *ſelf*—but from a regard to *poſterity*.—And where is the woman who has not a regard to *poſterity?* I anſwer—the woman who is not ſolely attached to *one* man, has neither regard for *poſterity* nor for *herſelf*, and cannot be a patriot.

Thus did I mentally philoſophize, till after long meditation, I concluded with a modern voyager (1), who from the contemplation of unpoliſhed people, has drawn this opinion,

up before.—The Lacedæmonian women ſaw daily the Spartan youth perform their exerciſes naked, and wore ſuch ſlight garments themſelves, that as they walked diſcovered their thighs, they being, as Plato ſays, ſufficiently covered with their virtue.——— MONTAIGNE.

This might perhaps cool the ſenſe of *ſeeing*—but how did it affect *feeling*.—*Seeing's* believing, but *feeling* has no *fellow*.——RAY'S PROVERB.

(1) Forſter, who attended Captain Cooke on his ſecond voyage.

" that

" that *modeſty* and *chaſtity*, which have long " been ſuppoſed to be inherent in the human " mind, are local ideas, unknown in the ſtate " of nature, and modified according to the " various degrees of civilization."

Yet when *Adam* and *Eve* had eaten of the *forbidden fruit*, plucked from the *tree of knowledge*, they ſaw they were naked, and were aſhamed.

Oh chaſtity! thou art a great and ſhining virtue in civilized ſtates! Thy utility is ſufficiently known—but to govern and prevail with thee according to *nature*, is as difficult as it is eaſy to do it according to *cuſtom*. Thou haſt nothing, let me tell thee, pure and fair maid, to ſupport thy precepts, but the hoary head, and ſhrivelled face, of ancient *uſe*.

And what is to be deduced from this? Why that the fair fabrick of *chaſtity*, was erected upon the *ruins* of the *bowers of paradiſe*. But is not *chaſtity* in women the ſame as *courage* is in men? Is not *chaſtity* the very *centre* of a *woman's* point of honour? Is not female chaſtity a *caſtle* defended by religion, morality,

lity, reaſon, cuſtom, pride, apprehenſion, and ſhame? True, but when *nature* mutinies *within*, and love attacks the *out-works*, this well-defended *caſtle*, is no more than—*a caſtle in the air*.

THE

THE EXAMINATION.

THE lady ſlept on.——

I could not get a wink of ſleep.——

The devil take that *ſign*, ſaid I to myſelf, curſing the *Star and Garter* at Kew-bridge. Yet why ſhould I curſe the *Star and Garter!* Is it not an *inſignia*, which our moſt gracious ſovereign reſpects—which the firſt of our nobility are continually in purſuit of.—And has not the learned Pettingall, who was a maſter of arts, thus delivered his opinion, after quoting ſome hundred authorities, in all languages, that the *Star and Garter* are *amulets* or *charms*, allegorical ſymbols of *unity*; or as Camden and Heylin have it, "a bond of the moſt *in-*"*ward ſociety*, and a *badge* of *unity* and *con-*"*cord*, to inſpire *courage* and *vigour* in men;" —and does he not ſay, what every *true man* will

will join with him in saying, *honi soit qui mal y pense*, should be rendered, "shame and confusion to him that designs any evil against "the wearer, (that is the wearer of the *Star* "*and Garter*) may all his designs be retorted "on the author." But why are the Bench of Bishops excluded from wearing this *amulet?* Because they have *mitres* annexed to their *Bishopricks*, and that amounts to the same *thing* —and as to the lawyers, why, they have their *black* patches upon their *wigs*—and their *scarlet* patches upon their *doctors* gowns—and their *furs* for their judges robes, delectable to the *touch.*

To banish the idea of the *sign* at *Kew-bridge*, I examined the lady's face.—Her eyes were shut—here could I ramble through half a dozen pages, expatiating on the beauty of the *eye*—whether black, hazel, grey, or blue —whether open or closed, whether shaded by a full grown *dark brow*, or arched over with the smoothness of a *mouse-skin.*—I never gave a determined preference to any particular colour, only let it not be a jaundiced eye—nor a ba-

a baſiliſk's eye—I hate both—but I have long thought, that the eye of a woman looks beſt when on the *twinkle*; that is, when it is neither open, nor ſhut, but like the ſetting ſun ſkirted by a ſhading cloud, emanates a lambient fire, through the medium of bordering fringe, with which nature has wiſely provided it, for the purpoſes of ornament and protection.—

Give me an eye with quivering beams, dancing with irregularity like the reflection of the moon upon agitated water (1)!

I was eighteen years of age, when I firſt diſcovered, that the perfection of beauty in the eye, or rather the perfect force of the operations of the eye upon the *heart*, is not to be found, either when the eye is open, or when

(1) Mr. DE LOUTHERBOURG is under the neceſſity of acquainting the public, as a duty he owes them, as well as himſelf, that he has not given his aſſent to the inſertion of the above idea, which is undoubtedly ſtolen from the moonlight ſcene in his EIDOPHUSIKON, and is therefore an impoſition on the public, and an invaſion of his property.——*Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-ſquare, April* 26, 1781.

the

the eye is ſhut, but when the eye is upon the *twinkle*.—The impreſſion I then received was deep, and I ſhall die in the opinion which was the reſult of it.

The manner in which I received this impreſſion may appear hereafter.

A DE-

A DESCRIPTION.

THE lady ſlept on—ſmiled as ſhe ſlept, and as ſhe ſmiled *ſhe* ſighed—

Health ſported upon her cheek, while love, with a moſt inticing grace, diffuſed a non-reſiſting, if not inviting complacency over every feature, and wantoned on her neck.—Her lips ſmooth, and red as coral, pouted with fulneſs, and with a glowing ripeneſs equal to the bluſh of the wild ſtrawberry, ſmooth as the ſattin'd ſoftneſs of the nectarine's coat, divided to give emiſſion to her breath, diſcovering a ſet of teeth vying with orient pearl.—

Her breath!—

I ſat oppoſite to her—Her breath fanned me with a fragrance, infinitely more inſpiring, not leſs odoriferous, than the evening zephyr of June, agitating a roſe-thicket, ſtealing its

ſweets (1).—The effect, however, was different; the fanning zephyr would have cooled, but the ſouthern blaſt that gathers conſuming heat from the burning deſert of Arabia, could not ſcorch with more violence than the breath of my fellow-traveller.—

All appeared quiet within the peaceful habitation of her boſom, which, gently heaving, preſerved uninterrupted calmneſs, except when a half-ſuppreſſed ſigh, or ſhort breathing, broke in upon the regular ſerenity of its motion.

She ſighed!—but her ſighs were not the ſighs of ſorrow—neither were they the ſighs of pain—they were the ſighs of ſenſibility—and I diſcovered the nature of her ſighs, by the gentle agitations of pleaſure, which ever preceded their riſings, as tender harbingers, or followed them as affectionate attendants.—

It is probable the lady was in a dream, if ſhe was, it was a dream of ſuch ſenſibility,

(1) If Mrs. DAWSON looks in her glaſs ſhe will ſee an original reſembling this picture.—

ſhe might be ſaid to wake ſleeping (1). I drew a divination from her dream.—

(1) Critics may object to this expreſſion, but it is certainly allowable at this time, when the greateſt men *ſleep* waking.——

I do believe it to be true, that dreams are certain interpreters of our inclinations.——I dream but ſeldom, and my dreams are generally produced by pleaſant thoughts.——MONTAIGNE.

It is no wonder if thoſe *things*, which men think on, have an affection for, and practiſe when waking, ſhould agitate their minds when they are aſleep.——CICERO.

An Expoſtulation with SLEEP.

Why doſt thou detain me ſo long from my friends?—Shall I never get free from the cells of deluſive imaginations?—Shall I be for another hour dead to ſentiment, to the world, and to myſelf? When am I to walk out of thy yawning palace, and be alive to action and joy once more?——I will be revenged on thee, for I will abhor the name of every thing that ſooths and fawns upon me to become thy captive:—deteſted be the poppy and laudanum; deteſted be the ſparkling liquor that enervates the powers; and thrice deteſted be the downy bed!—Never more may I become thy prey.—The days of my life are but ſhort, and let them be ſpent in the improvements of *action*, and in the ſervice of my country and my friends!—Vain hope! for I feel that I can no longer reſiſt thy ſoporific vengeance.

Thus exclaims, then ſinks in ſilence—L—D N—

THE WAGGON RUT.

THE road was ſmooth—the coach rolled on—the lady ſlept—but as ſhe ſlept, ſhe ſlipt.—

The cuſhion on which ſhe ſat gently gave way—perceiving her in danger of falling, and anxious to prevent it, I placed my feet cloſe to her's.—This precaution immediately tranſferred the point of gravity from the feet to the knee, and the coach continuing to communicate its motion to the lady, no ſooner were her feet ſtopped, than her knees naturally bent forward.—

Determined to ſupport her, I gently ſlipt forward till our knees met.—

For above a mile we rolled along the road foot to foot, knee to knee—the coach continuing to communicate motion to the lady, the lady communicating motion to me—till, unfortu-

unfortunately, the road growing rough, the motion increaſed, and became irregular—I loſt my ſituation—the lady loſt her ſituation of conſequence.

Still the lady ſlept—and ſmiled—and ſighed—and ſlipped, unconſcious of her danger; but the coach-wheel ſlipping into a *waggon-rut*, I ſlipt forward, the lady ſlipt downward, and my *Lord Coke*, who had lain unnoticed upon the ſeat, ever ſince I came into the coach in the morning, ſlipt down at the ſame inſtant with the lady; but luckily reaching the bottom of the carriage firſt, his lordſhip broke her fall.

I did all in my power to ſupport her, but in vain—though the lady did every thing ſhe could to ſupport herſelf, and my *Lord Coke* lent his aſſiſtance.—

The accident appeared beyond remedy.—So being on my knees, I offered up a haſty, yet warm, ſincere ejaculation to the great God of Love, who lending an ear auſpicious to my prayer, in about two minutes I was extricated from—no—not extricated from my confuſion,

but extricated from my aukward poſition, and found myſelf able to replace the lady in her ſeat—

Having ſettled the lady, I took up my *Lord Coke*, and placed his lordſhip cloſe by her.

A RE-

A REFLECTION.

HAVING got out of the *rut*, and having paſſed the *rough road*, which cauſed the foregoing accident, the coach rolled on ſmoothly again.—

Now there are many travellers who would rail for an hour without intermiſſion againſt theſe *rough ſpots*, which every man muſt ſometimes meet upon his journey, let him travel what road he will.——Some men meet them on *high roads*, ſome men meet them on *bye roads*.—Some men meet them on mountains.—Some men meet them in *vallies*.—They interrupt the rich man in his chariot, and the poor man on the humble foot-path way.—Philoſophers have met theſe *rough ſpots* upon the ſummit of the Alps, the *virtuoſi* have met them in the ſtreets of Rome.——Nay, it has been ſaid, that very wiſe and grave philoſophers have met them on the very carpets of

their libraries. For my part, I meet them here and there, and every where, and where-ever I meet them, whether on high road, or on bye road, on mountain, on valley, or on plain, I make the moſt of them. Wherever I travel, or in whatever manner I travel, whether I travel in a carriage, on horſe-back, or on foot, I never abuſe them.—

Thank Heaven! there is a complacency in my diſpoſition, which bids defiance to trifling caſualties; and whether the road be *rough*, or whether the road be *ſmooth*, my temper is ſtill the ſame, and I never quarrel with the road, nor with myſelf, nor with any thing I meet, but go whiſtling on—I only wiſh I may never meet theſe rough ſpots on Mount Ætna, on Mount Veſuvius, or on any other *burning* mount.—I care not how *warm* the climate is—but Heaven preſerve me from *volcanos!* —I have an implacable averſion to *fire!*—

A road may be conſidered as an emblem of life, and much inſtruction may be picked up in very few miles travelling; yet ſome there are, and men of great name, who have travelled

velled to Egypt, and have attained nothing but the height of the Pyramids, or a ſketch of the Sphynx, though they have written whole volumes upon what they *have ſeen*, and have not *ſeen*;—while others have been able to diſcover a thouſand objects, in a ſpace not longer than from London to Highgate, upon which they have exerciſed all the benignity of philanthrophy.—

A road, I ſay, may be conſidered as an emblem of life.—How various the proſpect on the right and on the left!—Sometimes a ſerene, ſometimes a cloudy ſky.—How different are the paſſengers in their ſize, in their complexion, and in the manner of purſuing their journey?—What innumerable ſtops from turnpikes!—What a number of croſs roads!—How many arreſts from accidents!—And how few make for the ſame reſting-place, or purſue one certain conſtant gait.

This now is philoſophizing—that is, if to philoſophize, be, as has been defined by ſome philoſophers, according to Montaigne, to write at random, and play the fool, as the eſ-

ſayiſt did, and which I ſhall never bluſh at doing, let my ſubject be what it may, providing only, that when I do write at random, or play the fool, my writing and my folly may be marked with ſome of his features.

THE

THE CONFUSION.

THE ſun had now riſen conſiderably above the horizon—the kine had returned to their paſtures, having paid their milky tribute to the dairy—and the honeſt hind, whoſe labour enables the luxuriant and the lazy, to indulge in pleaſures, in ſenſuality and ſloth, while he experienced the effects of the firſt judgment, announced by the divine wiſdom againſt our primitive parents, by earning his bread with the ſweat of his brow, ſoftened its rigour with a chearful ſong, expreſſive of content.

Every object looked ſprightly—every object appeared gay—every object wore the juvenile dreſs of ſummer—every object, animate and inanimate, contributed a ſhare of chearfulneſs to the ſcene.

The ſituation in which the lady had diſcovered herſelf on waking, had overwhelmed her with confuſion. A bluſh of the deepeſt dye, far beyond the boaſted Tyrian, diffuſed its colour through her veins, ſometimes deſcending, it ſpread over her fair boſom, and then, as if exhaled by the fire of her bright eyes, roſe to her face, and revelled in a rubid glow.

The deep colour did not continue long—it faded by degrees to a roſy tint, but not to a fixed complexion—it ſported during the courſe of our journey, in delicate ſhades. It was not difficult to diſcover what the lady felt—it was evident, from the revulſion of her blood, that the ſoul laboured, and the body languiſhed.

If my confuſion was not equal to the lady's, nor laſting as the confuſion which diſtreſſed her, I felt an equal ſhare of irritation. It was my ardent wiſh to relieve her, if poſſible, though I ſtood in need of relief myſelf. I would have rouſed my ſpirits, but they had been ſo lately diſperſed, it was impoſſible

poſſible to recruit them ſuddenly—I did all I could to rally them, but in vain. I looked to the lady for aſſiſtance——the lady looked from me, as demanding aſſiſtance for herſelf—our nerves thrilled in uniſon—the vibration was ſympathetic—the tremor was reciprocal—ſo had been the cauſe.

I looked again towards the lady, taking her at the ſame inſtant by the hand—the vital ſpirits began to revive from the lethargy they had lately ſunk into—the lady's hand lay in mine, a gentle mutual compreſſure gave my ſpirits the firſt alarm.

As I looked towards the lady, ſhe turned her head round towards me, juſt ſo much as to give the profile of her face. A gentle ſigh, with a ſoliciting caſt of the eye informed me, ſhe expected relief at my hands. My heart felt the full force and propriety of the expectation—it almoſt amounted to reproach. But how ſhould I relieve her? My ideas were aſtray, my tongue was tied, and could as well have anſwered calmly from the rack, to the interrogatories of a perſecuting Spaniſh inquiſitor,

quiſitor, as commence a converſation with my fair companion.

Neither of us could articulate a word—yet though ſilent, we converſed—for the lady by degrees looking full in my face, our eyes ſpoke, and we perfectly underſtood each other ——it was the language of *nature*, whoſe declarations were ſincere, *her* thoughts are undiſguiſed, and ſcorn the deformities of duplicity.

You ſhould ſpeak to me, ſaid the lady, from *charity*—

Something for the ſake of *charity*, ſaid a young ſeaman, who had loſt an arm and a leg privateering, ſomething for charity, ſaid the ſeaman, as the coachman pulled up to the door of a ſmall public houſe to take a dram (1), and receive ſome parcels.

A moment before I would moſt willingly have purchaſed this interruption at any ex-

(1) It is very common for ſtage-coachmen and poſt-boys to ſtop, for the purpoſe of drinking *drams*, both in England and Ireland.——Twiss's *Travels*.

pence,

pence, being now relieved from embarraſſment by the lady's having opened the converſation, I wiſhed the ſeaman had loſt his head inſtead of his arm—juſt as my peeviſh temper ſuggeſted the inhuman thought, the poor fellow, addreſſing himſelf to the lady, and turning from me, ſaid, Madam, I have loſt my arm in the ſervice of my country—and he held up his ſtump.

This man, who had faced the horrors of war undaunted, this man who had faced death in a thouſand different ſhapes undiſmayed, was ſcared by the inhoſpitable, the ungracious and forbidding look, vexation had thrown into my countenance.

I was preparing to recompenſe the injury I intended him, by my wiſh, which was now retorted with full force upon myſelf, by giving him the ſilver I had put into the purſe I had prepared for the highwayman—but as I drew the purſe from my pocket, AVARICE whiſpered in my ear, he has *Greenwich* to ſupport him, or if not, he has his pariſh to maintain him. *Burrow*'s Settlement Caſes

lay

lay upon the ſeat oppoſite to me, cloſe to *Lord Coke*.—The *law* has made a proviſion for him, ſaid *Sir James Burrow*.

CHARITY whiſpered in the oppoſite ear to that which AVARICE had applied her mouth to—this was the *further* ear from the poor ſailor—but her words ſunk deep into my ſoul.

It is certainly an *honour* to the *law*, whiſpered *Charity*, that it makes a proviſion for the poor, but it is no great honour to *human nature*, that the law has *need* to make ſuch proviſion

The *intention* of the *law* is good, ſaid *Sir James Burrow*—but the hundreds of deciſions upon *Charity* caſes which I have collected, have ſwallowed up more of the *proviſion* allotted the poor, than even the *overſeers* have ſwallowed up—the poor are ſtarved between the expenditures of *litigation* and *gormandizing* (1).

(1) It was the opinion of the Court of King's Bench, upon an application to *increaſe* the overſeers of the poor in a certain pariſh, that the *diſtreſſes* of the poor bore a *proportion* to the number of *overſeers* appointed to take care of them.——J. BURROW.

Like the *Arigentines*, they eat and drink, as if every day was to be their laſt.——MONTAIGNE.

I had

I had the purſe half up, when VANITY ſtepping in with her advice, and aiding the ſolicitations of CHARITY, induced me to draw it to the very edge of my pocket.—— A few acts of generoſity, ſaid VANITY, prudently managed, will give you as much reputation for goodneſs as moſt men deſire.

Shall I, ſaid I to myſelf—ſhall I reſtrain the ſtream of charity that overflows my heart? Shall I retain, for the purpoſe of ſome ſelfiſh gratification, this traſh, taking the few ſhillings out of the purſe; this traſh, which divine bounty deſigned for the common benefit of all mankind.—The opportunities and inducements we have to alleviate the miſeries, and promote the happineſs of our fellow-creatures, are innumerable. Our hearts incline us to good, our reaſon approves the acts of humanity.—

All we *have* is *given* to us—all we *do* is but *miniſtering*.

A fat prebendary, well-mounted, and attended by two ſervants in livery, came ambling up, all in fine order—no determining which was

was beſt fed, the fat prebendary, the fat prebendary's ſervants, or the fat prebendary's horſes—ſleek and fat—fat and ſleek—nothing of a curate, or a curate's man, or a curate's horſe, about them—lean and pale—pale and lean.—God bleſs your Reverence! ſaid the maimed ſeaman, holding out his hat with his left hand, at the ſame time ſhewing the ſtump of his right arm to the fat prebendary.

The fat prebendary returned the bleſſing with the voice of meekneſs—God bleſs you! ſaid the fat prebendary—joining his hands together, with his eyes elevated religiouſly towards heaven, God bleſs you, ſaid his reverence, turning down his eyes, and looking on the ſeaman's ſtump, the prebendary gently ſpurred his horſe and rode on—

Your *honours* will remember me, ſaid the *ſeaman*, addreſſing himſelf to the prebendary's *ſervants*.—The prebendary's ſervants looked as if they ſaid *Amen* to their maſter's prayers, ——The horſes neighed—but they were brutes.—What was the fat prebendary!—

What

What were the fat prebendary's ſervants!—Chriſtians! Chriſtians!

A ſerjeant of the guards, with his knapſack ſlung at his ſhoulders, holding a child by the one hand, and his wife following, carrying another child, ſucceeded.

Brother ſoldier, can you ſpare a trifle to a poor ſeaman? ſaid the mutilated tar.

D—n your eyes, anſwered the ſerjeant, here's all I can ſpare; and he threw ſix-pence into the ſeaman's hat.—The wife followed the example of her huſband—ſhe dropped her *mite*, and paſſed on; O may that *mite* be layed up in Heaven! and may the ſcanty pittance in the corner of your huſband's knapſack, increaſe like the widow's cruſe!—

The ſerjeant's curſe cut me to the heart—I reproached myſelf, bleſſed him, and curſing the fat prebendary, the fat prebendary's fat ſervants, and the fat prebendary's fat horſes (though ſure I wronged the beaſts) ſlipped the ſhillings I had held *clinched* in my hand, into the hand of the ſeaman—I ſlipped them into his hand, unknown to any one—

almoſt

almoſt unknown to myſelf—in truth, VANITY had nothing to ſay to the gift, it was the gift of an impulſe, involuntarily ſpringing from the noble motive of compaſſion, which the example ſet me by the ſerjeant, had inſtantaneouſly kindled in my breaſt.—

The lady alſo felt the force of the ſerjeant's *damn*, and contributed under its impulſe to the ſeaman's wants.

I inſert this *damn* of the ſerjeant, as a precept for the edification of a certain bench, and all thoſe who derive authority under them—but they want not *precept*—it is in *practice* they are deficient.—*Do* as I *ſay*, is the great foundation of their preaching.—Why can they not preach, do as I *do?*

Come forth your Grace with your Dutcheſs—come forth each Marquis with his Marchioneſs—come forth each Earl with his Counteſs—come forth each Baron with his Baroneſs—ſtep forth ye Knights with your Ladies—and hear how the ſerjeant *d—n'd the ſeaman's eyes.*——He had experienced himſelf what ſuffering is, and could not overlook it

in

in another.—O come forth, look to his *good works*, and cover the multitude of your ſins; for, be aſſured, your enormous ſubſcriptions to a dancing, ſkipping tribe of buffoons, will avail you nought *hereafter* (1).

(1) This idea of *damn* and *bleſſing* is ſtolen from one of *Farquhar*'s comedies.——J. C—RT—Y.

N. B. It is *not in Joe Miller*.—

No man will ſay that the church is too amply provided for.——Biſhop of PETERB—GH *in debate*.

THE

THE PROPOSAL.

THE human mind ſhoul dever be employed, mental exerciſe and induſtry being as eſſential to the health of the *ſoul*, as corporeal exerciſe and labour is to the health of the body. Idleneſs in the mind produces *vice*, idleneſs in the body produces diſeaſe. The vacant hours of dulneſs are the moſt dangerous hours of life, for when ever the *tempter* of mankind, who is always on the watch, finds the mind out of employment, he never fails to ſtep in, with one or other vicious incitement to ſeduce the ſoul from virtue.

For this reaſon I have eſtabliſhed as a rule in the mental code by which I govern myſelf, that when ever I find my mind inadequate to the exerciſes of ſtudy or rational contemplation, which is too often the caſe, to ſeek immediate employment for my ideas in ſome innocent amuſement.

It

It is certainly the moſt probable way of avoiding the *devil* and all his *works*.

I never *ſtood* in greater neceſſity for the application of my *rule* than at the preſent inſtant.—Was my life to pay the forfeit, I could not enter into a ſerious converſation with the lady, or a proper converſation with myſelf; ſo finding it impoſſible to *ſpeak*, and dreading the *conſequence* of *thinking*, I reſolved to diſappoint *Old Nick* by propoſing an *amuſement*.

I aſked the lady to play *travelling picquet*.

TRAVEL-

TRAVELLING PICQUET.

THE lady declared she was totally ignorant of the game.—

I once played the game, said I, when Fortune being in a good-natured mood, as she was this day, introduced me to a *tete à tete* party with a young widow whom I met at *Holy-head*, and travelled with in a post coach to *Chester*.—

Then, said the lady, you are but a *novice* at the *game* yourself?

No, Madam, answered I, the young widow was *experienced* in it, and by her instructions, and playing it repeatedly since, I am now a perfect *adept* at the *game*,—and if you give permission, will instruct you.—

The lady, bowing, smiled assent to play, and I commenced my lesson.

THE

THE LESSON.

SUPPOSE, Madam, ſaid I, addreſſing myſelf to the lady, ſuppoſe, Madam, you and I,—or ſuppoſe, Madam, you and any other companion, were travelling in a coach, poſt-chaiſe, or *vis à vis*.—A *vis à vis!* exclaimed the lady, to ride in a *vis à vis*, is the height of my ambition.—

A *vis à vis*, Madam ſaid I, is the moſt convenient carriage for playing *travelling picquet* in, twenty to one.—I proceeded in my inſtructions.

Suppoſe, Madam, you and I travel together in a carriage.—We *are* travelling together, obſerved the lady.—Well, Madam, you and I travelling together in a carriage, I reckon two for every gate *I* ſee on the *right* hand ſide of the road, you reckon two for every gate *you* ſee on the *left* hand ſide of the road, and

ſo according to agreement, a certain number is reckoned for every object ſeen by *you*, on your ſide of the road, or ſeen by me, on my ſide of the road, whether man or woman, horſe or mare, bull or cow, ram or ewe, cock or hen, &c.—

You underſtand me, Madam? ſaid I,—

Perfectly, anſwered the lady.—

But obſerve, Madam—A man and woman—a horſe and mare—a bull and cow—a ram and ewe—a cock and hen,—*Et cætera*, ſaid the lady, interrupting my recapitulation—I went on—A man and woman, *& cætera*, Madam, may chance to preſent themſelves on your ſide of the road, or on my ſide of the road, ſo as to entitle you, Madam, or to entitle me, Madam, to a *repique*.

You muſt explain that, ſaid the lady——

Remember, Madam, ſaid I—I don't ſay man *or* woman, horſe *or* mare, &c.—but man *and* woman, horſe *and* mare, &c.

Your reaſon, Sir, for the diſtinction? ſaid the lady—

Doctor *Lowth*, Madam, now biſhop of London, and all learned Grammarians, inform us, that *or* is a conjunction disjunctive—

I have been taught ſo myſelf, ſaid the lady.—

The ſame learned biſhop, Madam, and other learned authorities—you don't except to the biſhop for being a *living* authority (1)?

No, Sir—

Well, Madam, they have all laid it down that AND is a *conjunctive-copulative*.—

The lady hummed a tune.

You now underſtand the game, Madam? The lady hummed on.—

If you don't underſtand it, Madam, the fault is not with you, nor with me, nor with the biſhop of London, nor with the other

(1) It has been a *rule of court* not to receive *living* authorities in the King's-bench, neither *Sir Wm. Blackſtone*'s inimitable commentaries, nor MY *reports* have been attended to.——C. L—F—T.

This is rather extraordinary when we conſider what little reverence has been paid to *precedents*, which are now termed the *dead letter* of the law, and to *old* acts of parliament which have *lately* been termed *obſolete* ſtatutes.——C—M—N

learned grammarians; and I ſwear by *Moſes'* rod, which rod was greater than all the rods of all the Egyptian Magi, or by the ſcepter with which the great Mogul *attempts* to rule the beauties in his ſeraglio, the fault ſhould not be imputed to *nature*—ſhe has given us underſtanding ſufficient to underſtand all *things* that ſhould be underſtood.

And pray, where does the fault lie, Sir, ſaid the lady—

We will find out the place preſently, Madam.

THE

THE GAME.

THE lady had reckoned on ſeveral gates—

So had I—

The lady had reckoned on ſeveral paſſengers, male and female—

So had I—

The lady had reckoned on horſes, kine, ſheep, goats, dogs, cats, and poultry of various kinds.

So had I—

The lady had reckoned on waggons, carts, coaches, chaiſes, whiſkeys, and caprioles—

So had I—

The lady had reckoned on *one gigg*—

So had I—

The lady had reckoned up to fifty, I had only reckoned up to thirty. The eagerneſs of expecting conqueſt ſparkled in her eye, and marked every feature of her face, when a young woman who deſired to be taken up as an outſide paſſenger, ſtopped the coach.—

THE REPIQUE.

THE proſpect on my ſide being beautiful, naturally drew the lady's eyes that way to view it. We were admiring the landſcape, when a country lad and laſs, who appeared fatigued with the labour of the morning, for the laſs walked leaning upon the lad's arm, having arrived at the ſhady ſide of a hillock, ſat down—

I reckoned four to my game.—

The lad gave the laſs a *kiſs*—by the rule of the game I was entitled to reckon two more.—

He kiſſed her again—again—and again—I foreſaw the game would be my own—*Encore*, ſaid I—

Devil take the impudent fellow, ſaid the lady, peeviſhly, at the ſame time ſuppreſſing a half ſmile, I ſhall certainly loſe.—But the *laſs*, Madam, ſaid I, appears as much my friend as the *lad*.—

She

She is a Methodiſt, perhaps, anſwered the lady, and has been inſtructed in the doctrine of *non reſiſtance*—

And he is probably of the *ſame* profeſſion, replied I, for if I am not miſtaken, there will be a *love feaſt* preſently.—The lad gave the laſs another kiſs, to illuſtrate my ſuppoſition—I reckoned *two more*—The lady bit her under lip.—

That, Madam, ſaid I, is a *point*—The lady hummed and looked down—

And * * * * * that, Madam, continued I, pointing with my fore-finger thus ☞—is a *quint*—The lady looked up—looked forward, then looked up again, as if to look for ſomething in the *ſky*, and overlook every thing on the *ground*—ſhe then looked down and played with her *apron ſtring*.—

The laſs on the hillock ſide, was alſo looking at the *ſky*.—

You will certainly loſe, Madam—I believe I ſhall loſe, ſaid the lady, tying and untying her apron ſtring.—

There is no doubt now, Madam—ſee, ſee, —*point*—*quinte*, and *quatorze*—A *repique* by the feathered arrow of Cupid, and by his favourite *quiver*.

The lady took a ſerious look at the lad and laſs to be convinced of her loſs, and being convinced, turning her head aſide, tacitly acknowledged I had won.—

The young country woman, who ſtopped the coach, had by this time agreed with the coachman—had aſcended the box, and adjuſted herſelf in her ſeat—

You may now *drive on*, ſaid the young country woman to the coachman—

So—*we drove on*.—

And may every man I eſteem on earth, drive thro' the journey of this life, with as much pleaſure, content, and innocence of heart as I *drove* on to *Windſor*.—

I had no reaſon however to triumph in my victory—for tho' I won the *firſt*, I *loſt* the *ſecond* and *third* game before I reached the town.

A DI-

A DIGRESSION.

AS I was ſitting in my chambers at the concluſion of the laſt diviſion of my *Excurſions*, a loud knocking brought my ſervant to the outer door (1)—knock—knock—knock—

Who's there? ſaid I—

The Devil, Sir, anſwered my ſervant—

Bid the Devil enter—ſaid I—

(1) Outer door—by the author keeping his outer door ſhut, it appears that he was under ſome apprehenſion from gentlemen y'clep'd bailiffs, as they have no right to force a man's outward door; though they may if they once get in, force every inward door and make their caption: and the door of a lodger gives him no protection.—This was determined by the Court of *King's-bench*, upon principles of wiſdom, law, convenience, and humanity.——JAMES BURROW.

The ſame point was determined *contrary* to this deciſion in the King's-bench of Ireland, and upon the very ſame principles of wiſdom, law, convenience, and humanity—

ANALLY, C. J.—*The* ENGLISH *and* IRISH BAR *in full cry.*

O the glorious uncertainties of the law!——

Enter DEVIL (*bows.*)

DEVIL.

My maſter, Sir, deſires me to inform you, that he has ſhewn your *excurſions* to ſome critics, who all agree that it will never ſell without an *introduction.*

AUTHOR.

My reſpects to our maſter, good *Mr. Devil*, and aſſure him he ſhall have an *introduction*, preliminary diſcourſe, prologue or preface, by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.—*Exit Devil.*

So now *Mr. Devil* for—a *deviliſh* good—INTRODUCTION.—

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION (1).

IN which introduction, if there ſhould appear any malice, envy, detraction, revenge, indecency, &c. the courteous reader will recollect, that this ſame introduction was written at the *inſtigation of the Devil*, at a time when I had not the fear of heaven before my eyes.

It will be ſaid I have imitated STERNE. I have heard of an author who wrote a play in imitation of Shakeſpear, the play was a good play enough, and had one line ſtrongly

(1) As the Reviewers, from the quantity of literary drudgery they are forced to go through every month, cannot poſſibly have time to read *the whole* of every book they give an opinion on; it is probable our author introduced his *introduction* in this place, in hopes the reviewers would not read ſo far.—Next month will ſhew whether the reviewers have reached his *introduction*; indeed the probability is, that they will not peep farther than into the title page.—

ANONYMOUS.

imitative of *Shakeſpear*'s manner, which line was "good morrow, good maſter lieutenant." —It will be ſaid I imitate STERNE—It is true like STERNE, my pen guides me, I don't guide my pen. I write my thoughts liberally, unſtudied, and unarranged, as they ſpontaneouſly ariſe to my imagination, without cultivation or pruning,—of conſequence they will be deficient in *ornament*, in *profit*, and in *ſtrength*—but if they are *natural* I am ſatisfied.

I have always read STERNE with delight, and never read him but I felt him in my heart more than in my head; yet I hope his precepts have improved my underſtanding in the ſame proportion they have expanded my humanity. His precepts affect me like *wine*, they make my heart glad,—they affect me like *love*, or rather they affect me like a *conjunction* of *love and wine*, for they make me generous and gay. Imbibing his opinions has ſweetened whatever portion of acidity, Nature, Miſfortune, and Diſappointment have mixed in my compoſition; and having grafted them upon my heart, it is probable their emanations

tions may produce ſome pleaſing bloſſoms, ſome good fruit—Good fruit may be produced by ingrafting upon a *crab*—(1).

If I ſhould exhibit any feature bearing likeneſs to STERNE, I ſhall be proud of the ſimilarity; but for this happineſs I can ſcarcely hope. The ſtile of STERNE is peculiar to himſelf, his art is to pleaſe the imagination and improve the mind, with natural, yet elegant ſimplicity. He is maſter of that charming enthuſiaſm inſpired by heaven itſelf for the inſtruction of its creatures: and in his compoſition there is a certain incommunicable art of making one part riſe gracefully out of another, which is felt by all, though ſeen only by the critic (2). His life, his opinions, his ſermons, his journey, his letters, and every thing he has written, will be read with admira-

(1) This is a palpable plagiary from *my* DUENNA. The author of the DUENNA, whoever he is.—

(2) See a Student's letter to John Dunning, Eſq; in defence of the Rev. H. Bate. Printed by Bladon, Pater-noſter-row.

tion, will be read with pleaſure, and with profit, when the laboured works of labouring philoſophers, travellers, hiſtorians, politicians, and other *mouſe ingendering* compilers (1), ſhall lie ſleeping in duſt upon the upper ſhelves of ſhops and libraries (2). The works of STERNE will be in the hands, in the heads, and in the hearts of every man, ay, and every woman too, of feeling; when the works of the *Smell-funguſſes* and the *Mundunguſſes* of the age, will be lining trunks and band boxes (3).

The imatators of STERNE, it muſt be allowed, have as much *wit* as they have *judgment*, and there are plenty of them heaven

(1) The mountain was in labour, and brought forth a mouſe.——ÆSOP.

(2) The bookſellers would be very wrong to let them ſleep upon their ſhelves when they can have *a price* for them, and put them in circulation, among paſtry-cooks, ſnuff-retailers, fire-workers, chandlers, cheeſemongers, and their cuſtomers.—ANONYMOUS.

(3) I have *cut up* ſeveral of the beſt *modern authors* at my ſhop, the corner of St. Paul's churchyard, as any perſon may ſee who will take the trouble of looking into my trunks.—DEPUTY CLEMENTS.

knows.

knows (1). Whether I have wit or judgment muſt be left to my readers, and among theſe

(1) This is clearly *irony*—I profeſs myſelf an imitator of STERNE, and the following critique, which I did *not* ſend to the MORNING HERALD, nor *pay* for, will ſhew whether I have been ſucceſsful in my imitation or not.——PETER M'DERMOTT.

THE CRITIQUE.

" If STERNE was ever *rivalled* in the deſcriptive, " the narrative, in language, or in the ſentimental, " it is by *Mr. M'Dermott*, in his new publication " of the FEMALE MONITOR; the hiſtory of *Ara-* " *bella* is one of the moſt maſterly drawings of the " *human pen.*—*Locke*, *Hume*, and many other ce- " lebrated authors have favoured us with eſſays on " education, but *in* Arabella *they live*, and theory " rendered practicable by ſweet and eaſy admonition; " the ſtrictures of the Female Monitor, with the " author's own digreſſions, are admirably interwoven " in the piece, and *forms* a moſt inſtructive and agree- " able dialogue: the letters from Mr. Worthy to his " ſon Charles, at Oxford, are *ſterling*, and *abounds* " with honourable precepts and information; the " deſcription of the old half-pay officer, given by " Charles, is one of thoſe moſt affecting, a *ſenti-* " *mental ſituation* that demands the *tear of admi-* " *ration*, and plucks the *laurel* from the *Monk of* " *Calis.*—Lady Gay's *career* through life is *dramati-* " *cally conceived*, and gives *precept* a *riſible* caſt " judiciouſly introduced to cloſe the ſcene."

The *name* of the author of the FEMALE MONITOR, as well as the *modeſty* which marks this *critique*, clearly

theſe I hope I ſhall be honoured with the judgment of the reviewers.

REVIEWERS

clearly points out the country which had the honour of giving him birth, a circumſtance which in *my* opinion, muſt recommend him to all *mammas*, all *mams* of boarding ſchools, and *private governeſſes* of young ladies, particularly as the *critique* declares the work to be the moſt maſterly drawing of the *human pen*; which ſhews that the work, like many other works, does not carry the *traits* of the *gooſe-quill:* indeed it goes a great way to prove, the certainty of an old opinion, that *Iriſhmen* have *wings*, and out of ſome of their pinions perhaps, Mr. M'Dermott's *human pen* was plucked. But I find it impoſſible to *conceive* (though I have called in my huſband's aid to my aſſiſtance) the following aſſertion.—" *Locke*, *Hume*, and *many other* celebrated authors have favoured us with eſſays on education, but *in* ARABELLA *they* live;" now as *Locke* and *Hume* are indubitably *dead*, and we have not heard of their *reſurrection*, how comes it that *they* live in *Arabella*; indeed were they *alive*, it is out of nature to ſuppoſe they ſhould *live* ſo long *in Arabella*; for though *Jonas* lived a conſiderable time in the *whale's belly*, his life was preſerved by miracle, and he was but *one* perſon; whereas it appears, that *Arabella* is *enſient*, that is, big with *Locke*, *Hume*, and ſeveral *other* authors. It is true, a certain dutcheſs of *Heidleberg* had three hundred and ſixty-five *children* at a birth; and the font in which they were chriſtened, is ſtill ſhewn in the great church of the town; but then theſe were children, not men. But perhaps the critique upon Mr. M'Dermott's work does not mean that the *philoſophers* and

REVIEWERS (1). I have mentioned your title Gentlemen, and cannot paſs you by un-

and authors are *in* poor *Arabella* in a ſtate of *tranſubſtantiation*, but only in *Spirit*, which the author of the *Female Monitor* might believe, if he admits the doctrine of *Metempſychoſis*, or tranſmigration of *ſouls*; for though a woman could not rightly entertain ſo many *men* in *ventra ſemere*, corporally, yet ſhe might entertain them *ſpiritually*, as may be proved from the number of *devils*, ſometimes a whole *legion* together, which have *poſſeſſed* perſons in former times.——CATHARINE MAC. GRA—M.

The FEMALE MONITOR certainly demands the *tear* of *admiration*, whenever admiration *weeps*; but I cannot think there was much ſentiment in the author's plucking the *laurel* from the *Monk of Calais*, by which I ſuppoſe he muſt mean "*the few ſcattered white hairs upon his temples.*"—

COURTNEY MELMOUTH.

(1) It was my opinion when I wrote in favour of the Iriſh nation, that there ſhould be at leaſt one BANKER *hanged* once within every year; it is now my opinion, that there ſhould be at leaſt *one* REVIEWER *hanged* within every month. Theſe fellows (I ſpeak of the *Reviewers*) look only for the *excrementitious* parts of a work; and indeed it muſt be allowed, that no *town hag* hath a better noſe at ſmelling out *ordure*; they remind me of a bird of paſſage of the aquatic tribe, which annually viſiteth a little iſland on the Iriſh coaſt, near the harbour of Dublin; this bird is called by the vulgar a *Magſh*—, and liveth by purſuing *gulls* and pecking them with his bill; which though *blunt*, is *offenſive* and *provoking*, till the poor *gull* droppeth his *dung*, which the *Magſh*— ſwalloweth up for *food*.——

JONATHAN SWIFT.

noticed;

noticed;—tho' like *Yahoes* I expect you will mount among the branches of my *laurel* (1), and bemute my fair production. What ſay the critical ſons of ſapience (2). They lift up their voices and cry as one man, theſe *ſentimental excurſions* are a ſervile imitation in thought, in word, and in deed. Suppoſe they are imitations, they are imitations of a great maſter, who had his *jerkin*, as he ſays himſelf, *cut* and *ſlaſhed* by theſe *reviewers* to very *ſhreds:* and well might he ſay *cut* and *ſlaſhed*, for be it known to all whom it may

(1) If the reviewers are not entitled to the laurel, yet ſurely as they are the extracters of the *eſſence* of every work, they are deſerving of the *laurel water*.
K—NR—K, Jun.

(2) Several perſons having been ſurprized that ſtrong marks of *lunacy* ſhould appear in the *criticiſms* of the *reviewers*, Doctor HUNTER, a very able anatomiſt, took their *brains* into phyſical conſideration, (for brains moſt of them have, notwithſtanding what ſome people have advanced to the contrary) and having firſt diſcovered that their productions were *lunar*, he next found that from the nature of their office, being forced to write *in the full of the moon*, it fully accounts for their *periodical inſanity*.
ANONYMOUS

concern,

concern, in the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, that theſe *kings of ſhreds and patches*, the *reviewers*, do literally *cut* and *ſlaſh*,—they having almoſt given up the uſe of *pen* and *ink* in *compoſing* their works, and ſubſtituted *ſciſſars* and *paſte*.

The PEOPLE of the LITERARY WORLD, that is, the PEOPLE OF PATER-NOSTER-ROW, can vouch the truth of this aſſertion, not only as it relates to the *reviewers*, but to the various tribes of modern *mathematicians*, *politicians*, *biographiſts*, *hiſtorians*, *eſſayiſts*, *voyagers*, ay, and divines too, who all *cut* and *paſte*—*paſte* and *cut*. It is the author who can *cut* and *paſte* well, and not the author who can *conceive* and *write* well, who makes money; for the former will *cut* down and *paſte* up half a dozen volumes, before the latter can invent and arrange a ſingle page.—Yet theſe form the modern LITERATI (1).

Now

(1) MODERN LITERATI! I will give you their character. We find among them enemies to princes, yet flatterers of minions and ſycophants. Moraliſts in

NOW IMITATION is quite a different thing from *ſciſſars* and *paſte* (1).—Every man who poſſeſſes a nice and critical eye, muſt ſee, that notwithſtanding the preſent flouriſhing ſtate of the elegant arts, little more than *imitation* can be attributed to the artiſts of the day in any department. From *Homer* down to the loweſt of the loweſt poets, all are imitators; but the *modern majority* are *pilferers* (2), many of them open literary robbers (3), wretched ſcribblers, who by inſerting among their laborious *nothings*, whole paragraphs

in theory, yet ſenſualiſts in practice. Sceptics in doctrine, dogmatiſts in judgment, who while they profeſs diſintereſtedneſs and independence, introduce their venal muſes to voluntary proſtitution.

SAM. JOHNSON.

(1) Your *ſciſſars* and *paſte* gentry are the common defamers of the town, every man of genius diſclaims them; I conſider them as literary vagrants, and were I on earth I would, whenever I caught them ſcribbling, take upon me the office of beadle, and ſcourge them into an *honeſt* way of earning their bread.

CH. CHURCHILL.

(2) Query, if this aſſertion is not a *libel* upon the Houſe of Commons, by *Innuendo?*

(3) Vide Lord Carliſle's poems, Mr. Eden's letters, &c. &c.

from

from books of genius, ſtock the ſhops with heterogenous monſters. Now *literary* pilferers and robbers are not to be claſſed with *imitators*, for *imitators* may poſſeſs what theſe dull rogues never can poſſeſs,—they may poſſeſs *genius* and *invention*.

The works of STERNE have at leaſt a ſtronger claim to *originality*, than any other modern production; and yet, even STERNE has his *imitations*; he can laugh out in the tone of *Rabellais*, and ſkip from his ſubject, or ſmile with the chearfulneſs of *Montaigne*; or he can aſſume the ſober ſenſations of delight of heart-felt complacency, and ſeer with the pointed grave *Cervantes*.—Now if I imitate STERNE, have I not as juſt a right to imitate him, as he had to imitate *Rabellais*, *Montaigne*, and *Cervantes*; or as *Virgil* had to imitate *Homer* (1)? The *right* I have, but where is the ability? STERNE could throw every thing into a new light, but who can threw a new light upon STERNE?

(1) We apples ſwim.—ÆSOP'S FABLES.

As

As to the thoughts which may appear in my WORKS, ſay what you will gentlemen *reviewers*, my thoughts are *my own*, wherever I collect them: Whether they are *feræ naturæ*, caught by me flying in the atmoſphere of fancy—or ſporting in the fields of imagination—or whether they are rendered tame and profitable by the induſtry of another's ſtudy; whether they vegetate in my own brain, or are tranſplanted there ready cultivated from the brain of another perſon, my thoughts are my own wherever I get them; for I cannot part with them, when once I get poſſeſſion of them.—They become annexed to the ſoil—I have a *common law* right to them (1).

Every

(1) Here our author ſhews a total ignorance of *common law*, for no right in *ideas* exiſts by *common law*; it has been proved to be but an *ideal* right.—But though a man has no *legal* right in his own ideas, yet he has a right to poſſeſs himſelf of every *other* man's ideas, as may be fully ſeen by looking into my *Miltonic* poem of the *Univerſe*, which was in a great meaſure dictated by my EUDOSIA, who ſucked in her erudition from the great FERGUSON, now, alas! defunct.—But to the *Law*—A majority of the twelve judges aſſembled in the Exchequer-chamber, determined

Every *author* will be *ſtealing*, and every *author* will cry *ſtop thief!*

Shakeſpear was a thief—I do not mean in deer ſtealing, but *Shakeſpear* ſtole from nature.

Pope was a thief—*Pope* ſtole propriety of thought, delicacy of ſentiment, juſtneſs of method—and elegance of compoſition.

But this is an honeſt age, we have no ſuch *thieves* in theſe days, if we had, they could not live, the reviewers are ſuch excellent *thief-takers.*

determined upon ſolemn debate, that no man can have a transferable property by *common law* in his own thoughts after publication; that *ideas*, though brought into print, not being tangible, cannot be conſidered as property—for *trover* will not *lie* for them,—a *replevin* cannot *ſeize* them, an *ejectment* cannot *deſcribe* them to the ſheriff to take *poſſeſſion*, and the Houſe of Lords upon *writ of error* brought, reverſed the judgment in *Banco Regis*, and affirmed the judgment of the *Exchequer-chamber.*

CA. L—FT.

May 11th, 1781.

What a noble deciſion was this for all the *unfurniſhed* heads in Great-Britain! I was concerned in it, all *Grub-ſtreet* got *credit* by it, and have ever ſince been *furniſhing* their *attic ſtories* with *other* men's goods.——ARTHUR M—R—Y, *Lincoln's Inn.*

The

The SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, like Peachum's *lock*, is a collection of goods ſtolen.—An informer declared to Charles the Second, that *Dryden* had ſtolen the play of the *Spaniſh Friar*—God's fiſh! exclaimed the facetious monarch, has he? I wiſh you could ſteal ſuch another.

The *Man of the World* is a drama without an *original* thought, every ſentiment it contains is to be met with in the converſation of the times; the manners exhibited are as familiar as the manners of common life, and the incidents are merely ſuch as happen every day: Nay, the characters are nothing better than copies from *Nature*.—As to the general plan of the piece, its unities, its fable, and its moral, are ſo ſtrongly ſimilar to the foundation upon which the drama of the *antients* has been built, that the plagiary is evident (1).

(1) Theſe were the reaſons which induced me ſo long to refuſe licenſing the piece; beſides it ſatiriſes reigning vices, and a man ſhould be very cautious how he exclaims againſt reigning vices or faſhionable habits in a polite circle, leſt ſomebody preſent ſhould apply the ſatire to himſelf.——H—R—D.

This

—This comedy wants *novelty*, it being acted every hour, in every great houſe, in every great ſquare, and every great ſtreet in this great metropolis; and therefore as human nature is invariable, the merit of the author of the MAN OF THE WORLD, conſiſts in nothing more, than exhibiting in dramatic form and dialogue, the cuſtoms and habits, which have unavoidably taken place, and characterize the hiſtory of the day.

Having touched a little upon *imitation* and literary thieving, I will now ſtate a few unarranged thoughts on *ſimilarity* of thinking.—

The *variety* we ſee in the perſons, in the faces, and in the modes of thinking, which diſtinguiſh the individuals who compoſe the human animal, are aſtoniſhing! But *variety* and *contraſt* in the appearance and manners of man, are neceſſary to the purpoſes of his being, and ſhew the infinite wiſdom and infinite power of his Creator.

From variety and contraſt of perſon we judge of proportion, and the elegance of ſymmetry.

From variety and contraſt of face, we judge of beauty and of ornament.

And from variety and contraſt of thinking, we judge of intellectual capacity, as it operates in the progreſs of its ſtudy upon ſciences, and its invention and improvement in the arts.

So that it may be ſaid, that the knowledge of all arts, and the knowledge of all ſciences, which include the knowledge of all things, is the conſequence of variety in our modes of thinking, and contraſt in our opinions; which variety and contraſt, ſtimulate us to controverſy and experiment. And as *virtue* would not have been known but for the contraſt of *vice*, nor *colours* but for the *variety* of their *ſhades*, neither would arts nor ſciences have been known, had the organs of mankind been ſo formed that *every* individual ſhould think alike.

Yet notwithſtanding the verſatile ſportings of nature in forming her creatures, we often find a ſtrong ſimilitude of perſon, a ſtrong ſimilitude of face, and a ſtrong ſimilitude in the

the mode of acting and of thinking between perſons totally unallied—totally unacquainted with each other; and perhaps there never were ſuch ſtrong inſtances of SIMILARITY IN THINKING, as have ariſen within theſe few years.

I ſhall purſue one line of illuſtration to ſupport this aſſertion, and that line ſhall be the line of the *drama*.

Mr. SHERIDAN has been ſo happy as to think like *Congreve*, to think like *Buckingham*, to think like *Farquhar*, to think like *Wycherly*; and RUMOUR ſays, that Mr. *Sheridan* has been ſo happy as to think like many living authors (1). Yet it is certain, that on the

(1) A moſt unhappy accident happened at the moving a certain manager's goods from his *old* houſe in *Great Queen-ſtreet* to his *new* houſe in *Groveſnor-Place*. A large trunk, containing ſome hundreds of manuſcript pieces, was *ſtolen* out of the *cart* which was tranſporting them, and the wretched *authors* have not been able as yet to *hear* any thing about them; but it is the general opinion, that in the courſe of the next ſeaſon, if they attend the theatre on the performance of *new* pieces, they may have the ſatisfaction of receiving *auricular* intelligence that their *thoughts* are not *totally loſt* to the *world*. A certain *Amanuenſis* is ſuppoſed to be the *robber*.——PUBLIC LEDGER.

merit of *new pieces*, unhappily living authors do not think like Mr. *Sheridan*. Some *critics* ſay, that Mr. *Sheridan*, in his late prologue to Lady *Craven*'s *piece* (1) thought like Mr. *Colman* in his late prelude.

Mr. COLMAN in this ſame prelude, has thought like Mr. *Foote*; and in many of his other writings it is ſaid, Mr. *Colman* has been ſo lucky as to think not only like thoſe authors who have reached *Parnaſſus*, but like other authors who have attempted to gain the mount through the *medium* of Mr. *Colman*'s theatre.

Mr. SHERIDAN and Mr. COLMAN being both *managers* and authors, may not only think *like other* authors, but may think *for* other authors, and cruſh their *merit* with impunity.

Mr. CUMBERLAND in his *Weſt Indian*, has thought exactly like Mr. *Macklin* in his *Love*

(1) I did not intend *my piece* for *public* exhibition, but for the entertainment of a few *private* friends.—CR—N.

à la

à la Mode. In the *Widow of Delphi*, Mr. *Cumberland* has thought like himſelf (1).

Mr. MACKLIN has never been charged with *thinking* like any other author (2).

Mr. DIBDIN it is true, has thought, but how *he* has thought is not worth thinking about, and the ſame may be ſaid of ſeveral others.

Mr. MURPHY never troubles his head with *thinking*—he tranſlates.

Mrs. COWLEY has attacked Miſs *Moore* for *thinking* like her; and a *Templer* aſſerts,

(1) SHAKESPEARE is certainly wrong in writing *Delphos*, the claſſical term is *Delphi*, but perhaps *Shakeſpeare* meant *Delos*, a *Grecian* iſland.

R. CUMBERLAND.

From the above note it is clear that had *Shakeſpeare* poſſeſſed *Cumberland*'s LEARNING, or had *Cumberland* poſſeſſed *Shakeſpeare*'s GENIUS they would have been upon an equality. That is, *Cumberland* would have been as GREAT as *Shakeſpeare*, and ſo *vice verſa*, Shakeſpeare would have been as GREAT as Cumberland and England would have had the honour of producing the *two* greateſt of all authors.

ANONYMOUS.

(2) It has been my misfortune to be too communicative of my *thoughts*, by which I have often been anticipated by thoſe I conſidered as *confidential* friends.——C. MACKLIN.

that Mrs. *Cowley*, in her *Belle's Stratagem*, has *thought* exactly as *he*—*thought* in a comedy and an opera, both rejected by Mr. *Harris*.

CAPTAIN JEPHSON in his *tragedies*, though he has *thought* like *many* people, yet he has alſo thought much upon the *ſimilarity* of *things*. His *Law of Lombardy* is a *tragedy* of the *maſſacre* of ſimilies; he has told us in it what every thing is *like*, but he has not told us what any *one* thing *is*.

Mr. ANDREWS in his *Diſſipation*, has very fortunately *thought* like a gentlemen who ſome time ſince wrote an entertainment on Lord *Darbey's Fete Champetre*.

The AUTHOR of the *Lord of the Manor* has *thought* exactly as General *Burgoyne* thought in the Houſe of Commons.—But of all the authors or authoreſſes who have lately thought like their contemporaries, no author or authoreſs ſtands ſo diſtinguiſhed as Miſs LEE; and of all the *accidents* in the *Chapter of Accidents*, the happieſt accidents are theſe, where Miſs Lee thinks like another author; where-

wherever that happens, Miſs *Lee* certainly thinks well.—

But ſurely it is now full time I ſhould *think* of continuing my excurſions, in the purſuit of which, heaven ſend that I may *think* like STERNE.

WINDSOR.

THE INN.

HAVING arrived at WINDSOR, and handed the lady out of the coach into the inn, we were ſhewed into a parlour by the landlord, in his proper perſon. Here a very ſerious difficulty ſtarted, which never occurred, at leaſt to me, during the whole courſe of the journey.——How am I to part with my fellow-traveller, thought I—Ay, "there is the rub," and a ſevere rub it was—I was totally ignorant of the lady's name—the lady was totally ignorant of my name.—It is true, I knew *ſomething* about her, but a motive, in which curioſity had the ſmalleſt ſhare, made me wiſh moſt ardently to know *every thing* about her.—No ſooner had I perceived

ceived this inclination, for gaining an *intimate knowledge* of the *lady*, and the *lady*'s *affairs*, than I flattered myſelf, that the lady felt as ardent an inclination, to be intimately acquainted with *me*, with *every thing* about me, and with *my affairs*.—I not only wiſhed to know her, but to know all her connections.—I aſked myſelf a thouſand queſtions about her, without putting one queſtion to her.—

Who is ſhe?
Whence came ſhe?
Who is her father?
Who is her mother?
Who are her brothers?
Who are her ſiſters?
Has ſhe any brothers and ſiſters, uncles, aunts, or couſins?

Theſe queſtions I put deliberately to myſelf, ſtringing them together in ſucceſſion, as the facetious *Sancho Panza*, the laugh-and-be-fat-ſub-hero of *Don Quixote*'s adventures, ſtrung his proverbs.——But no ſooner had I finiſhed my interrogatories upon her relations,

than a multitude of other interrogatories ruſhed in upon my mind impetuouſly—

Is ſhe a maid?

Find that out, would have been the proper anſwer.—

Is ſhe a wife?

Is ſhe a widow?

Is ſhe neither maid, wife, nor widow?—

Is ſhe a miſtreſs?

Is ſhe rich?

That is no buſineſs of mine.——

Is ſhe poor?

Not in *ſpirit*, for to me ſhe has been moſt liberal; and if ſhe wants aſſiſtance, to repleniſh her purſe, or to right her wrongs, by Heaven my purſe, (I was maſter of forty-eight guineas, which was within two guineas of my quarter's allowance) and my ſword, (which, though of old mourning-mounting, had an excellent blade, of genuine Toledo temper) are both at her ſervice.—

LOVE.

L O V E.

WE ſtood in a parlour of the inn, our hands locked within each other.—It would be hard, Madam, ſaid I, ſighing, after the pleaſant journey we have experienced, to part as ignorant of each other as we met.—It ſhall not be my fault, ſaid the lady, if we are not longer acquainted; I am come to ſpend a few weeks at Windſor, and if you wiſh to continue an intimacy, which *accident* produced, and, added I, interrupting her, which *love* aſſiſted.——Love! alas, ſaid the lady, ſhaking her head, there was no *love* in the caſe, our meeting, and every thing that hashappened ſince we met, were the effects of *accident*—aſſiſted by *nature*; then, Madam, ſaid I, bowing, and laying my hand upon my heart—and what is *love*, but *nature?*

The lady bluſhed, but ſilently aſſented to my opinion, which ſhe illuſtrated by a ſentimental gentle ſqueeze of the hand.—I thanked her for the compliment, by returning the ſqueeze in the ſame ſentimental gentle manner I had received it; and raiſing her hand to my lips, "ſhe nothing loath," kiſſed it with the genuine fervour of affection and ſincerity.——The lady recovered her ſpirits, and the whole force of thoſe ſpirits ſtarting into her eyes, her boſom heaving with a heart-eaſing ſigh; alas! ſaid ſhe, with an amiable frankneſs, I muſt acknowledge the propriety of your obſervation.——LOVE IS THE CHILD OF NATURE! But I muſt ſincerely regret, that mere *accident* has convinced me of this truth.—How happy ſhould I have been, if a long acquaintance, matured into friendſhip and a ſeries of reciprocal obligations, had been the means of my conviction—how happy ſhould I have been, if it had been my fortune to have *loved* from the reſult of *judgment*, not from the effect of *contingency*, and ſhe wept.—

Now

Now the lady's tears were *natural*, but it was unnatural to ſuppoſe, that *love* could reſult from *judgment*.

I acknowledge, continued the lady, wiping her eyes, I acknowledge we are ſometimes excuſeable for yielding to the ſimple authority of *nature:* but what have I done? I have ſuffered myſelf to be hurried away, to be tranſported by her tyrannical dictates; whereas reaſon alone, ſhould have authority over the conduct of our inclinations.—She wept again.—I felt the full force of her tears —they were a dew, which nouriſhed my infant paſſion.—

Falling upon one knee, with faultering ſpeech, I ſwore never to part from her. —Her countenance brightened, on hearing my vow—ſhe appeared happy—her looks touched my very ſoul, our happineſs was mutual—and ſurely the pleaſure which the benevolent mind feels in the happineſs of others, is one of the moſt delightful ſenſations with which the human ſoul is bleſt.

A QUES-

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

QUESTION—What is LOVE?—

ANSWER.——Love is a deſire of contracting friendſhip, of uniting with, and communicating happineſs to a beautiful object; every eye making its own beauty.—Love is active, eager, ſharp, precipitate.—Love is fickle, moving, and inconſtant; love is a fever, ſubject to intermiſſions and paroxyſms—But give me that love, which when the paroxyſms have ſubſided, retains an univerſal fire (1), but temperate and equal, a conſtant eſtabliſhed heat, all eaſy and ſmooth, without poignancy or roughneſs.

(1) Thoſe who intend to try my *celeſtial* beds, may be aſſured, that the conſequence will be, that after experiencing the paroxyſms of pleaſure, they will alſo experience an *univerſal fire*, electrifying their whole frame, as an emblem of which, I have placed *Mercury* over my temple.——GRAHAM, D. M.

Yet

Yet love is a tyrant!—All paſſions are tyrants, but love is the greateſt tyrant of all the paſſions; for love holds all the other paſſions under arbitrary ſubjection—love leads every man by the *noſe* (1)—love makes the *miſer* ſoften the rigour of his *avarice* (2)—leſſens the *appetite* of the *glutton* (3)—ſlakes the *thirſt* of the *drunkard* (4)—ſooths the *anger* of the *revengeful* (5)—inſpires the *coward* with *courage* (6) and—*ſubdues* the pride of the haughty (7).

(1) The word NOSE, as it *ſtands* here, ſhould not have been *italicked*, but ſhould have been written in the old ROMAN or old IRISH characters. I have been in ROME and in DUBLIN, and underſtand the *Italian* and IRISH, men, manners and tongues; and I am clear, that no man whoſe NOSE is of the *Italian cut*, ever permitted love to *lead* him by the NOSE.—HENRIETTA H—TT—N.

(2) It never could ſoften the rigour of mine—ROB—M—NN—S—nor of mine.—THO. H—R—D.

(3) We all deny this—THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN, *except* JOHN WILKES.

(4) We never experienced this.—TOWN—D *and* RI—BY.

(5) *I* never will *forgive* America.——M—N—D.

(6) That I deny.——G—E G—R—N.

(7) It never did, nor never will ſubdue me.——GL—U—R.

A WARN-

A WARNING.

TAKE care ladies, whether maids or widows, we will put wives out of the queſtion, becauſe *wives* are under *coverture*.—Take care ladies how you fall in *love*, for the higheſt creſted dame of you all, the tyrant will bring—

DOWN,
UP and DOWN,
UP and DOWN,
DERRY, DERRY, DERRY, DERRY,
UP and DOWN—(*here is a reſt*)
DOWN,
DERRY DOWN.
Oh!——(*here is a quiver.*)

Prick this burthen down ladies, and play it upon your *piana fortes*, it is a ſoft tune, and ſounds beſt upon an inſtrument with *buffed* keys.—

This

This burthen to an old ſong is the only *requiem* for your *dying* lover.—

Nay, ladies, be you ever ſo young, ever ſo handſome, or ever ſo ugly, ever ſo grave or gay, good-humoured or ill-humoured, the tyrant love will *rule* you.—So beware, ladies, of the tyrant's *rule*.—

But, above all, beware of the tyrant's *rule*, ye antiquated virgins with large fortunes, who combating with the *ſpirit* againſt the *fleſh*, have out-lived every deſire—except the deſire of poſſeſſing a *young huſband*.

A WISH.

A WISH.

O! May I never experience that love where the flame riſes to a frantic paſſion to enjoy an object who flies me! Save me from *coquets*, good heaven! curſe me not with *jilts*! and bleſs me with the poſſeſſion of that true love, which looks to *me* alone for happineſs —that true love, which, being founded on ſincerity, is a ſtranger to arts and gallantry— that true love which flouriſhes only amongſt its own natural ſweets, complacency, mutual eſteem, and conſtancy (1)—give me a wo-

(1) Conſtancy! Well—and I have been *conſtant*, though ſet down as a woman of *gallantry*, I defy my enemies to ſay (except the Jew, who not being a *Chriſtian*, is not to be *believed*) that I have ever ſhewn inconſtancy to *one* lover, till I have met *another lover* whom I liked better.—M. Ro—BN—N.

Upon my *honour* this is *truth*, and I could prove it by *virtue* of *royal authority*.——T. R—B—N.

man

man whoſe *mind* is without *ſtain*, whoſe *manners* are without *art*, and whoſe perſon is free from every *embelliſhment*, but thoſe embelliſhments it has acquired from the hand of *nature* (1).

(1) Such a woman have I met.——H—MIL—N.

THE

THE DEPARTURE.

I Muſt leave you, ſaid the lady, drawing away her hand from mine, but drawing it away reluctantly—my hand preſſing her hand tenderly—I muſt leave you, ſaid ſhe, or my friends, who are now impatiently expecting me, will be ſurprized at my delay; and knowing this to be the uſual hour for the ſtage's arrival, will come to ſeek me—ſo permitting me to take the liberty of a kiſs, and promiſing I ſhould hear from her in the courſe of the evening, ſhe departed from the inn.—I led her to the outward door—ſhe inſiſted I ſhould go no farther—and not knowing, but ſhe had private reaſons for refuſing an *eſcorte*, I permitted her to depart unattended, my eyes following her down the ſtreet, till coming to a corner, ſhe nodded a farewel, and diſappeared.—

A RE-

A REFLECTION.

I Directly returned to the inn—and going into the parlour, looked out of the window towards the royal palace—this is WINDSOR, ſaid I to myſelf, Windſor, ſo renowned in ancient ſtory!—Windſor, ſo celebrated in ancient ſong.

And here our Edward's and our Henry's have reſided, have ſported in the chace, and exerciſed at the tournament.—

This is Windſor, rendered immortal by immortal Pope, and now the reſidence of the moſt numerous progeny, that ever royalty produced.—Priam, it is true, had ſixty ſons, but how many *wives* had Priam?—

The proſpect, I was informed, from the caſtle-terrace, was truly beautiful, but the town is curſed ſtraggling, and curſed inconvenient.——I took out my watch to ſee the hour

hour—mercy preſerve me! exclaimed I, it is but a few hours ſince I left London, and what a number of incidents have marked that ſhort ſpace of time.—Every circumſtance ruſhed upon my memory—I found myſelf uneaſy—ſomething was wanting—I ſighed, and my ſighing told me it was my fair companion—but ſhe was gone.—

THE

THE OVERSIGHT.

WAS there ever ſuch an overſight!—— was there ever ſuch a fool as I have been, to let her depart without enquiring her name—perhaps I may never ſee—perhaps I may never hear of her more—prudence, on reflection, may induce her to conceal herſelf.——

I rung for my ſervant, aſked him the lady's name, but to enquire the lady's name had never entered into his head, no more than it had entered into mine.—I eaſed my chagrin, by ſeverely reproving his negligence, though my uneaſineſs was the reſult of my own ſtupidity.—

My ſervant had ſpirit, and I had always indulged him in a free exerciſe of it—he retaliated my reproof, by telling me he had no orders to enquire after the name of the lady;

but, ſaid he, with an arch ſignificant ſmile, I know the name of the country girl, who rode with me upon the outſide of the coach. —I felt the ſarcaſm, I ſaw the fellow triumph, and could have knocked him down.

Raging with vexation and diſappointment, I had the coachman called—the coachman knew nothing about her—I had the waiters called, —the waiters knew nothing about her—I almoſt ſtormed, and ſnatching up my hat, was proceeding to ſally out upon an expedition of reconoitering and enquiry, when my ſervant gave a half ſmack with his mouth, and informed me I had not ordered any thing for dinner.——

I left him to indulge his own palate in the orders, but meeting the landlord in the entry, he preſented a long bill of fare—you may have, Sir, ſaid the landlord, and he run thro' his bill of fare, throwing his eyes up for my command as he repeated each article—you may have veniſon, fowls, ducks, roaſt leg of lamb, pigeon-pie, mackarel, &c. &c.—Do you take me, ſaid I, for an overſeer of the poor,

poor, or the bencher of an inn of court? Let me have a beef-ſteak—and I paſſed by the landlord.——

Getting into the ſtreet, I was as much at a loſs as ever, to find out the lady, ſo enquiring my way to the caſtle, I ſoon found myſelf upon the terrace.——

THE TERRACE.

LOOKING round me, as I ſtood upon the terrace, I was aſtoniſhed at the beauty of the proſpect. The air was ſerene, the landſcape inchanting, the ſky clear, except a few clouds towards the horizon, which ſet off the brilliancy of its azure, as moles do the fairneſs of the human ſkin.—Some villas lay open to the view, others were in part concealed, and the ſun darted his mid-day beams to gild the various turrets and ſpires, which gliſtened through the ſcene.

The Thames rolled his ſilvered flood in ſilent majeſty towards the ſea, enriching his bordering banks with verdure and the brighteſt tints, and woods and foreſts, ſome planted by nature, time immemorial, others raiſed by the aſſiſting hand of induſtry, waved their graceful pliant branches, and ſhook their leafy honours

honours—obedient to every gale. Between theſe woods, meadows, paſtures, and gardens, at different diſtances, opening interminable, gave a luxuriant diverſity to the whole.

Here gurgling brooks, gently meandering along their pebbly channels, pour their tributary urns into the ſovereign river—and there a rich profuſion of hillocks, tufted with various trees, among which groups of animals grazed, ſlept or play'd in peace and happineſs, though different in their kinds.

The whole cloſed with an extended horizon, and charmed the ſoul with delightful grandeur—

Alas, ſaid I, looking round, my ſoul elevated to enthuſiaſm——it was here our greateſt Engliſh bards invoked and received the inſpiration of their muſe.—

So taking out my pencil, I wrote in my pocket-book—the firſt lines of poetry I ever attempted.——

REFLECTIONS
ON
WINDSOR FOREST.

HERE GENIUS learn'd to pour th' enlighten'd ray,
Here DULNESS ſhut her leaden eye from day;
The youthful poet who'd to fame aſpire,
Here caught from thee my SHAKESPEARE livingfire!
'Twas here the TRAGIC MUSE aloft did ſing,
Here ARNE and HANDEL, tun'd the dulcet ſtring,
Here laughing COMEDY, with ſprightly tread,
The *gaudy* feather tore from FOLLY's head,
Expos'd baſe vice, and cry'd vile paſſions down;
Reform'd our manners, and improv'd the town.
Here poignant SWIFT, with barbed arrow ſtung,
Here POPE immortal, golden numbers ſung,
Here ſtream'd the tears of melancholy YOUNG;
Here WALLER pip'd the lover's melting lay,
Here gently blaz'd the lambient flame of GAY;
Here ADDISON improv'd the claſſic page,
Here MILTON burn'd with fiere poetic rage;
Here FARQUHAR laugh'd, and witty CONGREVE warm'd,
DRYDEN divine the ſoften'd ſoul alarm'd,
Here GOLDSMITH ſmil'd and magic SPENSER charm'd:

Here

Here OTWAY, ROWE, and THOMPSON, choſe their rhyme,
Names which defiance bid to mouldring time!

I wrote the above *enchanting* (1) deſcription with a pen made of a *gooſe-quill.*—

Heigh ho!—I aſked myſelf, why that involuntary ſigh? I anſwered with another heigh ho! Alas! what is all this without dear woman, "heaven's laſt beſt gift."—

I will deſcribe the excellencies of woman—but where ſhall I get a pen, adequate to ſuch a deſcription.—

The gooſe-quill is not *worthy*—the ſwan-quill is too *ſtiff*—and the crow-quill, though uſed by ladies, is too *black*, and too often employed in the poiſoning works of *defamation.*

I will therefore leave the gooſe-quill to *philoſophers*—the ſwan-quill to *mathematicians*, and the crow-quill to *lawyers*, *old maids*, and *news-paper-paragraph-gatherers*—but for myſelf, I will pluck a quill from THE BIRD OF PARADISE!

(1) Our author ſeems to have no bad opinion of himſelf.———ANONYMOUS.

Well, I have plucked my quill, and my pen is in order, in gratitude then, I cannot but ſay ſomething of the pretty *bird* from whoſe *tail* I have plucked my *quill*.

THE

THE BIRD OF PARADISE (1).

THE ſubject is *extenſive*. The ſubject is ſo *deep*, I know not where to begin—and if I do *begin*, I fear I ſhall never reach the *bottom*.—

Shall I begin at the *head*, or ſhall I begin at the *tail?* I write on the *bird of paradiſe*, therefore the *tail* muſt have the preference to the *head*, for of all the birds in the air, the *bird of paradiſe* has the moſt beautiful *tail*.

The *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* is the moſt *lovely* to the *eye*—the *tail of the bird of Paradiſe*

(1) It was long thought by naturaliſts, that the *bird of paradiſe*, had been *hatched*, *neſtled*, and *fledged* in *Ireland*, and that it was a bird of paſſage; but in a paragraph which appeared ſome time ago in one of the public prints, juſt before this *little bird* was ſeen *hopping* in *Covent-garden*, Ireland is denied that honour; though it is allowed in the ſaid paragraph, that the old *cock* and *hen* who produced this *lovely bird*, as well as the *young cock* with whom ſhe firſt *billed* and *flew* away, were *Iriſh*.——— ASH—N L—V—R, *Knight*.

is the moſt *exquiſite* to the *touch*—the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* is the *longeſt feathered*, and the fluſheſt *feathered tail* of all the *tails* of all the *birds* which ſport in the gardens of pleaſure (1).

Not the *horſe-tail* worn by the great cham of Tartary—not the *cow's-tail* that dangles from the head of the Indian bramin—not the *tail* worn by the baſhaw of Turkey—not the *pig-tails* which hang pendulent from the wigs of the city train'd-bands——not the *triple-tails*, which evince the wiſdom of the learned apprentices of the law and grave ſerjeants of juriſprudence—not the *tails* of the learned judges of *meum* and *tuum*—not the *enormous tail* of the Lord Chancellor—not the *Ramillie-tail* of our old generals—nay, nor the *mighty tail* of the famous *ram of Derby*, can be compared to, or *ſtand* in competition with the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* (2).

(1) My pet *raven* has *ten times* a greater quantity of feathers upon its *tail*.—CHAR—E A—BR—S.

(2) I am very well acquainted with *Derby*, and have often ſeen the *rams* of thoſe *parts*, but cannot ſay that I ever ſaw any of their *tails* larger than the *tails* of other *rams*.——F—RR—N.

The

The *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* is not to be matched in the *Britiſh Muſeum*—the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* out-does all the *tails* of all the *birds* in Sir Aſhton Lever's *olyphuſum*.—There is not ſuch a *tail* in the *collection* of Doctor Hunter, and the doctor has *tails* from all *countries*, and of all *ſizes*——Nay, not a doctor nor antiquarian in Europe, poſſeſſes ſuch a *tail* as the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*.

We may ſay of the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, as Yorick ſaid of the *white-bear* (1).

The *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, very well have I ever ſeen one? might I ever have ſeen one? am I ever to ſee one? ought I ever to have ſeen one? or can I ever ſee one?

Would I had ſeen the *tail of the bird of Paradiſe*—(for how can I imagine it?)

If I ſhould ſee the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, what ſhould I ſay?

If I ſhould never ſee the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, what then?

(1) *Vide* Triſtram Shandy, Vol. iv. page 74.

If I never have, can, muſt, or ſhall ſee the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, have I ever ſeen the *feather* of one? did I ever ſee one painted? —deſcribed? have I never dreamed of one? did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers, or ſiſters, ever ſee the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe?* what would they give? how would they behave? how would the *bird of Paradiſe* have behaved? is the tail of the *bird of Paradiſe* rough or ſmooth?——

Is the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* worth ſeeing?—is there no ſin in it?—is it better than any other *tail?*

Such a *tail* as the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, does not appear once in a hundred years; it glows refulgent as the *tail* of a *burning comet*, yet the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* is not a *fiery tail*; but then the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* is not *eccentrical* in its *motions* as the *tail* of a comet is—it moves *to* and *fro*, *up* and *down*, like the *tail* of the *fan-tailed* pigeon.

The *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe* has *down* upon, like the *tail* of a *teal*.

The

The *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, in every thing—but *motion*—is *unlike* the *tail* of a *water wagtail.*

Here now could I diſcloſe a *tale* upon *tails*, but I might incur the diſpleaſure of the ladies, for of all *tails* the ladies hate *tell-tales.*

But if I do not give my *tale* itſelf, I will give the *dimenſions* and properties of my *tale.* My *tale* exceeds in *length* the Canterbury *tales* of CHAUCER—my *tale* exceeds in *profundity* and *acuteneſs* the *Iriſh tales* of USSIN—my *tale* is as *merry* a *tale* as any of the CRAZY TALES—my *tale* is as *natural* as ADAM'S *tale* (1), and my *tale* is as *unfathomable* as SWIFT'S *tale of a tub.*—

But had I the *fire* of HOMER—the *judgment* of VIRGIL—the *ſalt* of HORACE—the *perſuaſion* of OVID—the *imagination* of DRYDEN—the *ſublimity* of MILTON—the *every*

(1) My EUDOSIA tells me, that this is a very excellent little poem, publiſhed by *Bell*; but having an *indecent* tendency, will not permit me to peruſe it, though I underſtand it treats in part upon the *docking of* TAILS.——C—P—L. L—F—T.

thing of SHAKESPEARE, joined to the *experience* of ROCHESTER, and the *abilities* of DOCTOR MADAN, I ſhould be unequal to the taſk of telling the *tale* of the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*—(1).

What is all this, ſaid I to myſelf, ſighing, what is all this, without woman!

(1) I have read this diſſertation upon the *tail* of the *bird of Paradiſe*, and think I may ſay to the writer as *Nell Gwynn* did to Lord Rocheſter, who when he exclaimed—

"*By all the Gods of* Helleſpont *and* Greece—
"*I had my* hand *upon the* GOLDEN FLEECE!"

Nell anſwered—

"*By all the Gods of* Greece *and* Helleſpont,
"*You* LIE, *my Lord, your* hand was NEVER ON'T!"

GERTRUDE M—H—N.

WOMAN.

WOMAN.

WOMAN! Heaven's laſt beſt gift!—that ineſtimable pearl in the bitter cup of life!—Not all the ſpring—the ſummer—the autumn of nature can communicate real pleaſure without woman—and when we decline into the frigid arms of winter, it is woman only can make frigid life deſirable.—O that I may deſcend into the vale of death, hand in hand, with a ſilver-haired companion, after travelling many a day with her through the mazy paths of life.—A companion who has ſoothed me, and whom I have ſoothed at every thorny obſtruction—a companion who has fed with me equally chearful, whether upon ſour or palatable fruit—A companion with whom I have ſtrewed roſes and gathered thiſtles.—

Lovely

Lovely woman! When thou art uſed kindly, how ductile is thy diſpoſition, how eaſy thy belief, how forgiving thy temper!

I have loſt, ſaid I, by inattention, an opportunity of enjoying the ſweeteſt commerce of life—I have loſt the converſation of a beautiful and well-bred woman.—With her my ſoul ſhould have experienced every mortal pleaſure, and my ſenſes have participated in the poſſeſſion even to extaſy!—

Here my Lord Coke came acroſs me, but his black letter made no impreſſion upon my ideas—(1).

O woman! Beauty is thy peculiar prerogative—Why art thou ſo ſeverely cenſured for indiſcretions, why ſhould "one falſe ſtep for ever damn thy fame," when all your errors are of nature and education.—

(1) *Counſellor* H—rg—e recommends the author to read *his* edition of COKE *upon* LITTLETON, ſeventeen numbers of which he has tranſlated from the opake diſtorted character of the old editions, in leſs than ſix years.

Formed

Formed for love, moulded for pleaſure, with a ſoul warm, and a heart melting with ſenſibility.—

Then ye mothers do ye not train up your daughters from their very infancy in the buſineſs of Love?—Does not their grace, their dreſſing, and their ſtudies ſoften and prepare them for tender impreſſions!

Then your virtues, how they have been traduced—But I will defend them, if not by argument, by paraphraſe.

A PARA-

A PARAPHRASE.

WHO, when Bethulia's city was beſieged, preſerved her fellow-citizen from utter ruin?—Woman—(1).

Who, from a ſtate of ſervitude and bondage, delivered Iſrael's children?—Woman—(2).

Who, with religious filial zeal, unheard before, offered up her life a ſacrifice to heaven to ſave a father's vow?—Woman—(3).

(1) *Judith*, the wife of an obſcure man, whilſt the city was attacked by *Holofernes*, general to *Nebuchadonoſor*, ſhe went to his tent, as if intending to ſatisfy his luſt, but the general getting drunk and falling aſleep, ſhe cut off his head, and returning to the city, by her exhortations prevailed upon her fellow-citizens to attack his camp, which they did, diſcomfiting his whole army.

(2) *Deborah* the propheteſs, and *Jahel* her friend.

(3) This was the daughter of *Jephtha*, but ſome authors ſay her ſacrifice was much ſeverer than *death*—a vow of perpetual chaſtity.——

Who,

Who, in the midſt of flying arrows, headed a beauteous female troop of Romans, mounted on palfreys, and in gay array, croſſed without dread, old Tiber's ſilver flood, and left Porſenna wondering at the action?—Woman—(1).

Who, in heroic grief, eat burning coals, reſolving with a brave intrepid ſpirit not to ſervive her lord?—Woman—(2).

Who, when her huſband, brave Macronius, died, fighting for freedem againſt Palmyra's tyrant, rouſed to the war the ſons of liberty, and conquer'd all the Eaſt?—Woman—(3).

So much for courage, now for CHASTITY—Did not *Lucretia* ſtab herſelf to vindicate her honour?—Did not *Portia* accept death from the hands of Octavius the tribune, in preference to adultery.—*Sophronia*, illuſtrious

(1) This was *Celia*, a beautiful young Roman lady who had been made priſoner, with ſeveral female companions.

(2) *Portia*, wife to *Brutus*, daughter to *Cato*.

(3) *Zenobia*.

Roman,

Roman, ſtabbed herſelf to avoid the brutal paſſion of *Maxentius*.—Then there is *Suſannah*, whoſe virtue repelled the amorous ſolicitations of *two*—old men.—

But the catologue I have collected of brave, virtuous, learned, generous women, of all countries and of all complexions, were I to give it here, would ſwell my book to ſuch enormous magnitude, as would frighten even thoſe few friends who have promiſed to read it.—

On returning to my inn from the terrace, I found the cloth laid, and the apparatus for eating prepared and laid out with that neatneſs and regularity, which by indicating a cleanlineſs in the cookery, gives a kind of invitation to eat heartily—but I had no appetite for eating, and dinner not being quite ready, I took a file of news-papers that lay upon the window, and throwing myſelf upon a couch, read what follows—

The

The Public Ledger.

AQUATIC SPORTS.

OF all *ſports*, whether by *land* or by *water*, there never was a *ſport*, nor there never will be a *ſport*, equal to the delightful *ſport* of SWAN-HOPPING.

I have been on a party with my Lord *Prætor*—ſat near my Lady *Prætor*, and had the honour of *tipping* a *hob-nob* with Miſs *Prætor*.—

Every thing glided on ſmooth as the *Thames*, which bore us upon his unruffled boſom till we got to *Staines*—We drank copiouſly without danger of *ſuffocation*—we eat plentifully without danger of *choaking*—we ſung, we danced, and cracked *bon mots* without

out interruption till we got near *Staines*—few of us were *half-ſeas over*.—

We were near *Staines*, when Miſs *Prætor* in an evil minute, thurſting her head through the barge window, and ſuddenly drawing it back, exclaimed—Mamma!—beg pardon—my Lady I mean—an' pleaſe your Ladyſhip, I ſee two *ſwans*—

My *operar* glaſs, my Lord, ſaid my Lady *Prætor* to Lord *Frætor*—My Lord lugged out his opera glaſs and preſented it with a *grace*.—They are not *ſwans*, my dear, ſaid her Ladyſhip, having fixed her glaſs to her eye, for they have no *necks*—Indeed, Mamma, ſaid Miſs, they muſt be *ſwans*, for ſee how white they are, and I proteſt I ſaw their *necks* this inſtant.—Then I can't ſee them, anſwered my Lady; perhaps they have plunged their necks under water, my dear, remarked my Lord.—

I will take a peep ſaid Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*—I ſee no *nothing*, ſaid Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*—but I ſee ſomething, ſaid Lady *Prætor*—and I believe they are monſters too—

and

and *I* perceive them now, exclaimed Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*—but as I am a true woman, I ſee nothing *monſtrous* about them.—It is a *natural* appearance, ſaid *Johnny*.—

I am now convinced they muſt be *ſwans*, ſaid Miſs, taking another peep, and young ones too, for ſee, Mamma, they have not moulted off their *black down*.—

If they be *cygnets*, ſaid my Lord *Prætor*, we muſt mark them—his Lordſhip looked out—

I am ſurprized, ſaid my Lord *Prætor*, aſſuming a wiſe and conſequential grin,—I am ſurprized, that ladies, who are no *chickens*, and have experience, ſhould make ſuch miſtakes—I thought *you* knew *things* better, my dear—I can't blame the child (1), but in

(1) Though I called my daughter a child on this occaſion, yet ſhe was full marriageable, and a rich neighbour had offered his ſon to her; but I anſwered, "Sir, I like your ſon well enough, but *we*, that is, our family, don't want *caſh*, do you ſee me, but to mend the blood"—my neighbour was affronted, and ſo ſaid he, "*mend your blood*—damn your blood;" and ſo, do you ſee me, he went away, leaving me in a horrid ſtate of *temerity*.——B. K——T.

troth,

truth, do you ſee me, my Lady, your Ladyſhip's *ſwans* are two *naked men.*—None of your *innuendors* to me, my Lord *Prætor*, ſaid my Lady *Prætor*, as ſhe waxed wrath, or I will make your Lordſhip know as how, that when you attempt to *bambozel* or *fun* me, you take the wrong *ſow by the ear.*—

His Lordſhip was ſtruck dumb, and numbed as a torpedo—Miſs bluſhed as red as *porte*—taking a third peep ſhe had ſeen her miſtake—and Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*, who had not made any miſtake, ſmiled at her triumph, and looked *frumpiſh.*

This is undoubtedly a predetermined ſcheme to affront magiſtracy, ſaid my Lord *Prætor*——bring the raſcals before me——what! as they are, exclaimed her Ladyſhip—yes, as they *are*—as they *are*, replied my Lord.—

Your Lordſhip is right, obſerved Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*, by bringing them as they are we ſhall come at the *naked truth*—I wiſh they had *fig-leaves*, ſaid *Johnny*—A fig for your *fig-leaves*, retorted Lord *Prætor*—there are *two figs* for them, *rebutted Johnny* that

is, *two figs* for each *fig-leaf*, *ſur-rebutted* Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*.—The men were ordered to be taken into cuſtody.—

All the ladies pulled out their fans, ſpread them before their fair foreheads, holding the ſticks before their eyes.—

THE

THE

BATTLE OF STAINES.

WERE I a poet, I would now invoke a muſe of *fire* to deſcribe a *battle* upon the *water*—The battle of all battles ſhould be the BATTLE OF STAINES.

A boat, with men attendants, was diſpatched by my Lord *Prætor*, to take into cuſtody the two naked delinquents—but no ſooner was the boat diſpatched, than a doubt aroſe about the poſſibility of *griping* them.—The doubt was ſtarted by Lady *Prætor*, who ſaid, addreſſing herſelf to Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*, if they overtake theſe *naked* wretches, how will they hold them?—Hold them, ſaid Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*, they muſt hold them by the *hair*, it was the only means Adam had

to

to hold Eve, or Eve had to hold Adam, before their *fall* in Paradiſe, ſaid *Johnny*.—

But that cannot be done here, ſaid Lady *Prætor*, for their heads are both ſhaved as bald as *coots*.—Their *heads* are ſhaved ſaid Miſs.—There is no more hair upon their *heads*, than upon my daughter's *upper lip*, ſaid Lord *Prætor*.—

Miſs *Prætor* hummed, and ſtroaked her *upper lip* with her *fore-finger*.—

They muſt hold them *where* and *how* they can, ſaid Mrs. Alderman *Haileye*; for my part, it is what *I* would do, were I on the party.—Pray, Mamma, ſaid Miſs, pointing with her *finger*, as if to illuſtrate her interrogatory—what part would *you* take hold of?—

A dead pauſe enſued—

The boat purſued the men—the men ſwam from the boat—but the boat could not overtake the *men*—ſo the *women* were *diſappointed*.

The men took refuge under the bridge of *Staines*.—

The people of *Staines* ſaw the purſuit—they conſidered the matter as a common

cauſe.—The *women* of *Staines* were melted into compaſſion by the danger in which they ſaw the naked men—they ſaw every *thing*, and they felt for every *thing* they ſaw.—In ſhort, the men, women, and children of *Staines*, let fly all kinds of miſſive weapons upon the deputies of my Lord *Prætor*.—

Alderman *Swindle* (1) ſtanding upon the poop of the city barge, ſaw the danger which threatened Lord *Prætor*'s delegates—ſhall I! exclaimed Alderman *Swindle*, ſhall I, who *ſaw* priſons burned, and houſes conſumed, ſtand an idle ſpectator, while defiance is thrown in the teeth of Lord *Prætor*'s orders? —I will fly to the bridge of *Staines*, vociferated Alderman *Swindle*, and ſeizing a *punt* that

(1) In conſequence of the great courage and *manœuvre* ſhewn by me this day, and my *unparalleled* conduſt on *ſundry other* occaſions, the *Common Council* have *exempted* me from ſerving in future on any committee, or in any city office; and ſuch is their reſpect for me, that for ſome time paſt they have made it a point to let me eat, drink, and walk *by myſelf*; and in converſation none of them ever preſumes to anſwer me.——SWINDLE, *Ald.*

lay

lay close to the barge, he paddled towards the bridge.—

The peasantry of *Staines*, not distinguishing the Alderman's *dignity* by his person, did not know that his person was a legal object of magisterial *worship*, so seizing upon the stones which lay scattered on the beach and bridge, attacked him in his *punt* from the *shore* and from the *battlements*.—

With his right arm the Alderman wielded a *mop*—he levelled his *mop* at the mob on the bridge, but the erring weapon falling short of the intended mark, was seized by one of the enemy.—

Oh for the pen of Homer!

The villain peasant poizing the mop-stick with true rustic skill, like Jove's lightning flying from his hand, it cut the liquid air, and striking upon the *cranium* of the magistrate, must inevitably have dispatched his soul to *Erebus*, if Nature, from a pre-knowledge of this fight, had not formed the head of her favourite son of genuine Aldermanic mould, hard and impenetrable as that which

compoſed the *caput mortuum* of the Styx-dipped Achilles.—The mop rebounding from the *ſconce* of Alderman *Swindle*, fell into the water.—

The barge coming up, the parties landed, and now hoſtilities commenced on ſhore.—The mob of *Staines* ſurrounded the Aldermanic body, and if *Peace*, in likeneſs to a magiſtrate of the county, had not ſeaſonably appeared and interpoſed, a general maſſacre might have enſued, and the city have been left to mourn her murdered magiſtrates, and their myrmidons.—

SQUIB (1).

Vinegar-Yard, Drury-Lane,
Aug. 17, 1780.

(1) I have read ſeveral letters under the ſignature of Squib, in the Public Ledger, and have always found them delectable in the peruſal. This writer, notwithſtanding the name he has aſſumed, appears to me to poſſeſs *experience*, *ability*, and *ſtability*, and not to be one of thoſe young ſparks, who, as *Sir Archy Mac Sarcaſm* ſays, in *Love a la Mode*, "go off like a *ſquib* or a *cracker*."—LY. H—U—E.

Portman-Sq—

DINNER.

DINNER.

I Had ſcarce finiſhed Mr. Squib's account of the battle of *Staines*, when dinner was ſerved in.—I ſat down to eat, but had no appetite—and without appetite, the beſt meat, with the moſt poignant ſauces, are inſipid.—In truth, I had no ſauce, not even *hunger*.—I always eat my meat *plain*, but now, I could not eat my *plain* meat.—

Not being able to eat, I called for drink—I taſted the beer—the beer was ſtale. I taſted the cyder—the cyder was ſour. "Wine," ſays the Prophet, "makes the heart of man glad;" the text came acroſs me like a cheering ray—

—I rung the bell, and ordered a bottle of port.—

While the waiter was gone for the wine, I recollected, that though he and the reſt

of the family were ignorant of the Lady's name and reſidence, yet it was probable the Landlord might have ſome knowledge of her; determining to enquire, I rung again to order him in, but he ſaved me the trouble of giving orders, by appearing with a bottle of port in his hand.——

THE

THE LANDLORD.

MINE hoſt was one of thoſe geniuſes, who, like MACKLIN's Sir *Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, depended more upon *bowing* than on education and natural abilities, "he could ne-"ver *ſtand ſtraight* in the preſence of a *gueſt*;" and to the *pliability* of Sir *Pertinax*, he added the complaiſance of SHAKESPEARE's *Polonius*, being ever of the ſame opinion with the perſon he converſed with, unleſs that perſon was his wife, or one of his ſervants; and theſe he eternally contradicted, whether they were right, or whether they were wrong.—

Mine hoſt having made half a dozen obſequious *bows*, and eyed me from head to foot with the circumſpection of a ſerjeant eying a young recruit, cautiouſly wiped the duſt from the bottle, viewing it at the ſame time

with an expreſſive look, which fully evinced he would have me underſtand the wine was old.—

It will bear the decanter, ſaid I—I pledge my life upon it, Sir, ſaid mine hoſt, drawing forth the cork with a jerk, attended by a ſmack from his mouth, accompanied by a ſmack from the bottle, which not only advertiſed me of the length of the cork, but of the good opinion which the landlord entertained of his liquor.—

There is not better port in the *king's cellar*, ſaid my landlord, winking (1), filling out a glaſs and preſenting it to me—it is all flavour, like an olive, and is bright as a ruby, ſaid he, holding the glaſs between his eye and the window.

I taſted the port—it was tart—it would not do—the landlord *bowed*, moving his head in

(1) I can take upon me to ſay, that if the landlord by this expreſſion and *wink*, meant to inſinuate, that his *port* had ever been in the *king's cellar*, he was an impoſing raſcal; for ever ſince I came to ſuperintend the houſhold, I have taken ſpecial care, not only of *whole* bottles and *whole* joints, but of *pieces* of bottles and *broken* victuals.——T—LB—T.

a manner

a manner that I might take either as a polite aſſent or humble contradiction of my opinion, but at the ſame time laying his hand upon his breaſt, ſwore it was two years in bottle.—I taſted the port again as a complimentary return to his bow, but before I could take the glaſs from my lips, he aſſured my *honour*, that the *Prince of Wales* had drank of, and approved this very wine.—

I felt the full force of the *compliment* and of the *recommendation*; the compliment deſerved a return, and the recommendation it was not in my power to controvert; ſo returning "*your honour*," with a nod of approbation, and giving up my *taſte* to the palate of the Prince of Wales, I ſwallowed what remained in the glaſs—

FLATTERY.

THE *manner* in which my landlord had recommended his port, was irreſiſtible, and perhaps had I changed the bottle for another, I ſhould have got *worſe* wine with more *bows*, and an aſſurance, that his *majeſty* had drank a bottle from the ſame bin—there would have been no withſtanding the force of *royal* authority (1); but growing impatient to enquire after my fair fellow-traveller, my *honour* condeſcended to aſk my landlord to take a glaſs, which, after half a dozen *bows*, he ac-

(1) It is aſtoniſhing what an *influence* royal authority has upon the human mind—I do not mean in politics, though heaven knows we have *quacks* enough in both houſes, pretending to adminiſter *medicines* to the *conſumptive conſtitution* of the *ſtate*—but I mean its operation in favour of the ſlow poiſons which are daily adminiſtered by *quack doctors*, and which have no virtue but what they derive from the uſe of the *King's-arms*.—ANONYMOUS.

cepted—

cepted—Yet, by heaven, the wine was *ſour*, but FLATTERY took off its tartneſs—and no wonder *flattery* ſhould vitiate the *taſte*, when we know its baneful effects upon all the other ſenſes.—Where is there a philoſopher, however cynical, who cannot, through ſome medium, be approached by flattery's honied influence? Flattery is the *touch* that proves the value and purity of the underſtanding—

Gold tries the *integrity* of the *heart*—flattery the *ſtrength* of the *brain*—

Where is the king who can withſtand, or when was there a king who could withſtand, unmoved, the adulating baſeneſs of the flattering vermin tribe? The *beſt* monarchs have been undone by ſuch miſcreants, they have converted the *worſt* into devils—

DETRACTION.

MY landlord being ſeated, and I having deſcribed my fellow-traveller to him as minutely as poſſible, expatiating upon her perfections as I touched upon them, that is, ſuch of her *perfections* as *diſtinguiſhed* her from the reſt of her ſex, for there are *perfections common* to them all—I ſay, having minutely deſcribed my fellow-traveller to my landlord, he run over a catalogue of the beauties of Windſor and the adjacent country; which he had at his tongue's end, with a moſt ſurprizing flow of volubility, accuracy of deſcription, point of ſarcaſm, and now and then, the ſweetneſs of eulogium.—

If it was not for her black hair, ſaid my landlord, I ſhould be poſitive ſhe was Miſs A——.

Miſs

Miſs B—— is too proud to travel in a ſtage-coach—therefore it cannot be Miſs B——.

The widow C——has not been in London ſince her huſband's death, he was buried on Monday; beſides, I know ſhe had a private card-party laſt night, ſo it is impoſſible, your honour, that this lady ſhould be the widow C——

There is a young lady in the neighbourhood who anſwers your deſcription, but ſhe is continually practiſing ſmiles before the glaſs, to inſnare the prince—no—no—it is not Miſs D——.

You ſay, Sir, the lady is well-ſhaped and witty—now, if her back was broke, from her wit, I ſhould really think ſhe was Mrs. E——.

Miſs F——has a roguiſh eye—but your lady's eyes are *blue*, and Miſs F.'s are *black*; and ſhe ſquints with her left eye, and is ever ſpeaking ſcandal, ſo it cannot be Miſs F——.

If Miſs G——had not *ſlipped her ancle*, as many ladies have ſince the hunting-ſeaſon commenced—you *underſtand* me—*green gowns* have

have been very faſhionable in the neighbourhood of Windſor ſince hunting became the ſport of the great——

In ſhort, my hoſt took great pains to inform me, that the lady I enquired after, was neither Mrs. nor Miſs, nor the widow, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, &c. &c. &c. and this he did wherever he had opportunity, with a malignant ſtroke of detraction——

The fellow had a tongue of charcoal, with which he burned or blackened the reputation of every perſon ſhe ſpoke of.—Wherever he gave *credit* for a *virtue* or good action, he never failed to *balance* the *account* at the *debit* ſide of the book—with an inſiduous *hint* or charge of *defamation*.—

I changed the ſubject of converſation—

PO-

POLITICKS.

I Suppoſe, ſaid I, pointing to the Ledger, which I had thrown aſide, when dinner was ſerved in, I ſuppoſe, my friend, that ſince the court has honoured Windſor with the light of its countenance, the inhabitants have become profound politicians?

I am of no party, anſwered my landlord—though to be ſure, what with exciſe, and what with quartering of ſoldiers, a publican can ſcarce live—

But as taxes riſe, you charge in proportion, ſaid I—

True, Sir, replied my landlord, we charge in proportion, but then our gueſts eat and drink in proportion; they order as *little* as poſſible, and eat as *much* as poſſible; that is, when they are charged for each article—but, Sir—if they dine at the ordinary, or agree for

for ſo much a head, they eat as if it was the laſt meal they had to devour, and ſcarcely drink ſufficient to waſh the food down their throats.—Alas, Sir, I have had very few good companies in the drinking way, ſince the laſt general election; and thoſe who drank then, drank at the expence of the candidates—

And what was your opinion, on that election, ſaid I—

Opinion—O, your honour, I never formed any opinion on it—a man who depends upon the cuſtom of the public, ſhould never have an opinion of his own.——I am not one of thoſe public-ſpirited publicans who neglect their own buſineſs, to look after the affairs of the ſtate—it is true, I hear a great deal of talk among my gueſts about the *king's friends* and *oppoſition*——now your *king's friends*, I take to be thoſe who are friends to themſelves—*with* ſucceſs—and *oppoſition*, I take to be thoſe who have been friends to themſelves—*without* ſucceſs—there ever was, and there ever will be *parties*, your honour——

THOSE

THOSE IN
WILL GRIN,
and
THOSE OUT,
WILL POUT——

and as to our great *ſpeechifiers*, the *more* they ſay, whether *in* or *out* of place, the *leſs* I believe them (1)—but let who will be *in*, or who will be *out*, it is all the ſame to me; and if your honour wiſhes to know how the election was carried on in Windſor, here your honour, look to that there LEDGER, and it will inform you——

(1) We have ſenators, whoſe *eloquence* is not leſs admirable than their *fortitude*; who know the *principles*, and defend the *rights* of human nature: who poſſeſs *virtue* equal to their *genius*, and who prefer their *honour* to all the *riches* which ambitious meanneſs can extort.——EDMUND BURKE.

I admire an irreſiſtible eloquence never *proſtituted* to *falſhood*, or *denied* to *truth*; for ſuch eloquence muſt convince every mind, not debaſed by voluntary and incorrigible error.——GEORGE SAVILE.

Eloquence in the hands of a good man, is the moſt glorious gift of nature: it makes him the ſanctuary of the unfortunate, the protector of the weak, the ſupport and praiſe of the honeſt, and eternal terror and controul of the bad.——CAMDEN.

So saying, he took up the LEDGER and laid it before me on the table, and after half a dozen of bows, told me, he would go and make every possible enquiry to find out the lady——

A SO-

A SOLILOQUY.

THOSE *in* will *grin*—thoſe *out* will *pout*—well ſaid, landlord!

I have read Machiavel, Sidney, Locke, Swift, Hume, Johnſon, and a hundred other authors, and arguers in politicks, on both ſides of the queſtion, and after all my reading, my landlord, who probably has not read a hundred pages ſince he left ſchool, is as ſound a judge of politicks and politicians as I am—his adage includes the whole ſyſtem——

THOSE IN
WILL GRIN,
THOSE OUT
WILL POUT.

It ſhould be engraven in *braſs*, and hung up over the entrance of the temple of *corruption* (1).——

(1) My houſe was a houſe of prayer, but lo ye have made it a den of thieves——ST. STEPHEN.

O, bleſ-

O, bleſſed liberty, let me here pay a tribute at thy ſhrine.

HYMN TO LIBERTY (1).

SISTER of Jove, æthereal flame!
Who bid'ſt the livid lightnings roll,
Mov'ſt to ſoft harps the ſphery frame,
And wak'ſt to extacy the ſoul!
O parent—ſource of every good,
Arrang'd thro' ev'ry nice degree,
How few have juſtly underſtood
Thoſe laws of order fram'd by thee?
For thee the *Poet*'s ſtrain ſhall flow,
Inſpirer of the vocal-ſtrings!
And *Philomel* forget her woe,
To praiſe thee by whoſe aid ſhe ſings!

(1) This hymn was written by an Iriſh *curate* of great learning.—N. B.—It is thought he will never riſe in the church.———M———

For

For thee gay *Zephyr* waves his plume!
Thine are the od'rous gifts he bears;
Thy hours unlock each varying bloom,
And wake to life the laughing years!
Thy mail of old did *Greece* inveſt,
What time the haughty *Perſian* fled,
Thy terrors nodded from her creſt,
When *Rome* rais'd high her awful head!
O who are now the choſen race
For whom thou leav'ſt thy lucid ſphere?
To whom thou giv'ſt thy radiant face
To ſee, thy gorgeous crown to wear?
In what fair iſle doſt thou prolong,
To make a favour'd nation bleſt,
The high reſolve, the *Poet*'s ſong,
The raptures of th' extatic breaſt?
'Tis BRITAIN thy beſt influence owns,
And dumb reſpect and ſlaviſh fear,
Bids the mind waft to eaſtern thrones!
She happier far, while thou art near (1).

(1) There are ſix more ſtanzas to this hymn, which, for political reaſons, that ſhall be ſet forth in the *ſecond* edition of this *work*, are now ſuppreſſed.—

THE

THE

SOLILOQY CONTINUED.

WHY ſhould I be ſo anxious? why ſo dull? continued I, reaſoning with myſelf, heavineſs of ſpirit is an evidence of folly, and the moſt manifeſt ſign of wiſdom is a chearful mind.—This landlord of mine, without the aid of literature, knows the very depth and main ſpring of politicks, and without the aid of philoſophick ſtudy, has diſcovered the very perfection of all it can teach—that the perfection of wiſdom is, to be merry and content, for the ſeat of wiſdom is always clear and ſerene——

Give me then that philoſophy, and let me ever ſtudy thoſe precepts, and thoſe precepts alone, which teach me to live with chearfulneſs,

neſs, and ſhew me how to die without concern!—Save me from ſubtilties which only diſtract the underſtanding, without improving the heart (1)!

Make me *honeſt*, kind heaven! and you make me equal to any ſituation in life—and having made me *honeſt*, I have no objection to your making me *great*—for *honeſty* can en-

(1) *Demetrius* the grammarian finding, in the temple of Delphos, a knot of philoſophers in chearful converſation, ſaid to them, "either I am much "deceived, or by your chearful and pleaſant coun-"tenances, you are not engaged in any deep diſ-"courſe." To which *Heraclean* the magician replied: "It is for ſuch as are puzzled about enquir-"ing, whether the future tenſe of the verb Βάλλω, "be ſpelled with a double λ, or that hunts after the "derivation of the comparatives χερίων, βέλτιων, "and the ſuperlatives Χείριστον, Βέλτιστον, to knit their "brows in their diſcourſes upon ſcience; but as to "philoſophical diſcourſes, they always divert and "cheer up thoſe they entertain, and never deject "them, or make them ſad."—You may read this in our countenances——JOHNSON *of the Lexicon*——HARRIS *of the Hermes*.——

As I am no philoſopher no more than our author, the *impreſſions* of *paſſion* do not operate *ſuperficially* upon me, but *penetrate* even to the *ſeat* of *reaſon*——*Lady* GR—VS—R.

joy

joy riches, power, authority, and honours, with as much integrity as ſhe can ſuffer poverty, oppreſſion, ſlavery, and diſgrace—She can *ſleep* upon a bed of *down* as *ſoundly* as ſhe can *ſleep* upon a truſs of *ſtraw*—ſhe can be *innocent* in a palace, as in a *cottage*, and ſhew as much *humility* in a glorious *equipage*, as when ſhe *walks barefoot* upon the highway—but when *honeſty* finds herſelf elevated in life, then her peculiar office is, to know the *uſe*, and how to *uſe* the good things ſhe poſſeſſes, and her peculiar virtue to part with them without murmuring (1).

Having eaſed my mind by a few minutes reflection—I took up the *Ledger* and read—

(1) I am intimately acquainted with a Welſh Gentleman who fully anſwers this deſcription.—The great admire him, the poor reſpect and love him.—
W. W. WYNNE.

ELEC-

ELECTIONEERING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

LORD PRÆTOR, Lady *Prætor*, and Miſs *Prætor*, were ſitting at table enjoying the ſweets of domeſtic tranquillity, over the remnant of a pint bottle of port, having juſt ſwallowed the ſecond-hand fragments of a re-cooked mutton haſh, when an attendant entered, and delivered a letter into Lord *Prætor*'s hand.

His Lordſhip looking eagerly upon the ſeal, gave a ſudden ſtart—his eyes ſtood fixed in their orbits, and thoſe maſticators, which but the moment before had co-operated in aſſaulting the mutton haſh, regardleſs of their natural alliance, aſſaulted each other with reiterated violence. His Lordſhip broke open the letter, and fixing his eyes upon the ſuper-

ſcription, an univerſal ague inſtantly took poſſeſſion of his nervous ſyſtem, each cold fit being ſucceeded with a moſt violent paroxyſm of heat.—

Lady *Prætor* and Miſs, were all attention—his Lordſhip read on.—

Papa's all in a *muck*, my dear, whiſpered Lady *Prætor* to Miſs—Yes, my Lady, anſwered Miſs, in the ſame tone.—There is *ſomething* in the *wind*, replied Miſs—there is *ſomething* in the *wind*, rejoined my Lady, taking a pinch of ſnuff, I—*ſmell* a *rat*.

Odd *rat* it, exclaimed my Lord, I have been alarmed, my dear, into a *piſpiration*—never was I in ſuch a *quandary* before.—Lady *Prætor* took up the letter, and read.—

Now my Lord *Prætor*'s face, during his confuſion, neither bluſhed red like the declining ſun, nor grew pale like the riſing moon, yet his Lordſhip's face had a cœleſtial appearance—it reflected a thouſand colours like an *Aurora Borealis*; or in more homely phraſe, my Lord *Prætor*'s phiz, while he peruſed this mandatory letter, for ſuch it was,

looked

looked like the welkin, when the merry dancers prance and caper upon her boſom, till after exhibiting a variety of dyes, it ſettled in a colour ſomething between madder red and Coventry blue.—

This letter muſt be obeyed, ſaid Lady *Prætor*, throwing the letter upon the table (1).

This letter muſt be obeyed, echoed my Lord *Prætor*, puſhing the letter towards Miſs.—

This letter muſt be obeyed, re-echoed Miſs *Prætor*, who had read it over her Mamma's ſhoulder.

But how can it be obeyed, ſaid my Lord *Prætor*—I cannot be in two places at once.—But your Lordſhip, Papa, may get into *three places* by obeying it, ſaid Miſs.—I am to preſide in the city upon Friday, ſaid my Lord.—Then I will go to *Vindſor* myſelf, offered my Lady—I can manage a *poll* as

(1) This was a commandatory letter, ordering Lord *Prætor* to exert his whole intereſt againſt a popular candidate.

well as your Lordſhip.—I know your Ladyſhip can, my love, ſaid Lord *Prætor*.—

What coloured ribbands ſhall we wear, enquired Miſs—none of their city colours I hope, one Alderman has already mounted *blue* cockades.

Then I will go to *Vindſor* myſelf, ſaid my Lord.—Since there are *blue* cockades in the city I will go to *Vindſor*, for I would rather face the *Devil* than a blue cockade (1); I will appoint a *locum trimmings* to fill the city chair—I wiſh he may *trim* the *plebeians* well, ſaid Lady *Prætor*.

This election buſineſs will make us up if we ſucceed, ſaid Lady *Prætor*—and get a *ſtar and garter*, at leaſt for Papa, obſerved Miſs.—No man could *become* the *ſtar and garter* better, ſaid my Lady (2).

Miſs

(1) Many animals have a particular averſion to particular *colours*, thus a *Turkey-cock* has an averſion to *red*; and it lately appeared, that the Board of Aldermen and Weſtminſter Juſtices, ſhewed a horrid averſion to *blue*.——ANONYMOUS.

(2) My Lady *Prætor* ſaid no more than I merited —no man ever *became* the *bar* of the *ſtar and garter* better

Miſs purſued the ſubject.

I wiſh, ſaid Miſs *Prætor*—I wiſh there was an order of *knights* for ladies, good lud, Mamma, we might be knighted—O gemini, Papa! how the gentlemen would admire at ſeeing our *ſtars and garters* as we walked.—Humph, ſaid my Lord, with a grin, but you are innocent, my dear, and as the French *mottor* has it—HONEY, SWEAT, KEY MEAL WITH PENCE.—But as this is to be a *gratis* buſineſs, we ſhall have no occaſion for our own carriage and horſes. We will have a poſt-coach from the *Swan* with two necks. I will have nothing that has any thing to do with a *ſwan*, ſaid my Lady.—We have had enough of *ſwan-hopping* already, added Miſs.—

Then, my dear, ſaid Lord *Prætor*, we will have a carriage from the *Bell and Savage*,

better than I did; and if his *Grace* my neighbour had not paid *high*, I ſhould never have left my *tavern*, which his *Grace* thought a *nuiſance*, to turn *Vine-merchant*.—O I wiſh I may *become* the *bar* of the *King*'s-*bench*, where next term I am to receive ſentence, as well as I *became* the *bar* of the *ſtar and garter*.——B. K—

and the Landlord's four *bob-tail* bays to draw us.—*Bob* me, none of your *bob-tails*, my Lord, exclaimed Lady *Prætor*, I am not to be *bobbed* out of my dignity in that manner neither—I will have my own carriage and *long tails*.

Well now! Mamma, ſaid Miſs *Prætor*, joining in the converſation, with a ſmile ineffable—well now! though I acknowledge *long-tails* carry the *belle* in the city, yet for a country excurſion give me *cock-tails* againſt the globe.—*Cock-tails* are the very thing, Mamma—indeed they are all the *ton*, nothing but *cock-tails* go down in the *vis à vis* line at the weſt end of the town.—

I will yet have a *phiz à vee*, ſaid Lady *Prætor*—but conſider, my dear, continued her Ladyſhip, we are going on buſineſs that requires ſolemnity and proceſſion, and the *long-tails* are *beſt* at *ſlow* going.—

True, Mamma, replied Miſs, but then the peſent buſineſs requires *expedition*, and in a *quick trot* or *canter*, the *cock-tails* have every advantage.—But, my dear, the *flowing manes*

on

on the *necks* of the *long-tails* look ſo *grand*, ſaid my Lady—True, Mamma, but the *cock-tails* carry their *heads* ſo *prettily*.—

Come, come, my love, ſaid Lord *Prætor*, venturing to put in a word, *you* are the beſt judge of the ſubject—What ſay you, my dear—*long-tails* or *cock-tails* for the journey? —I wiſh to oblige the child, anſwered Lady *Prætor*, but this time I muſt have my own way, the next *bout* I will indulge her *taſte* for *cock-tails*, but this *bout*, I will indulge my own *taſte*, and drive with *long-tails*.—

My Lord *Prætor* and Miſs acquieſced.—

Things being thus adjuſted, and the coach at the door, ready to drive for Windſor, not according to the old ſaying, *cock-tail* every yard, but *long-tail* every inch; her Ladyſhip as ſhe ſtepped into the carriage, called out to the coachman, *Vindſor a hoi*, John!—My dear, ſaid Lord *Prætor*, we are not going in the *city barge*.—

Plague on the city barge, ejaculated Lady *Prætor*—ever ſince our laſt unfortunate voy-

age in it to *Staines*, I can never get the adventures of the day *out* of my head.—Nor can I get any thing elſe *into* my head, ſaid Miſs.—Poor Alderman *Swindle* got a *mop-ſtick* on his head, ſaid my Lord.—

Rattle, rattle, rattle, over the ſtones to Hyde-park corner.—

Kenſington—Hammerſmith, in a long trot.—

Kew-bridge, in a canter.—

Windſor, in full gallop.—

Huzza! huzza! huzza! Windſor, Windſor.—

No Keppel! No Keppel! roared my Lord, from the right ſide of the coach.—

No Keppel! No Keppel! roared my Lady, from the left ſide.—

Miſs ſat ruminating on the *necks* of the *Windſor ſwans*.—

The coach having ſtopped, my Lord went to the *huſtings* be-ribbanded and cockaded; my Lady went *canvaſſing*—and Miſs, whoſe mind was *pregnant* with the idea of the *ſwans* ſhe had ſeen on the expedition to *Staines*, took

took a ſolitary walk by the *Thames* ſide, to *ſpeculate* upon the beautiful *productions of nature.*

Every ſtable and out-houſe that could be procured in Windſor, was divided, and ſubdivided to create votes *againſt* Admiral Keppel—Admiral Keppel was *ouſted* from repreſenting the *borough* of Windſor—ſo he went into Surry, and was elected by the free ſuffrages of the independent freeholders, to repreſent the COUNTY.—

THE MESSAGE.

I HAD ſcarcely laid down the LEDGER, when my ſervant entered the room—his mouth extended to the dimenſion of a countertenor choiriſter's mouth, when vociferating "O thou that bringeth glad tidings to Sion." —He bounced in *ſans* ceremony, and rubbing the palms of his hand together with a quickneſs and zeal that intimated good news and ſatisfaction, told me he had found the Lady.——

And where is ſhe, and what is her name? ſaid I, leaping from my chair with the utmoſt eagerneſs.—I cannot ſay, Sir, anſwered my ſervant, where the Lady is, or who the Lady is, but a boy waits to deliver a letter to the Gentleman who came down in the ſtage, he ſays it is from a Lady—and as I came down an *outſide* paſſenger, it cannot be for me—and as you,

you, Sir, were the only gentlemen, *inſide* paſſenger, I conclude it muſt be for you.—

I ordered the boy to be called in.—

He was a lad about fourteen, in a neat frock livery.—I have a letter, Sir, ſaid the boy, without a direction, but my Miſtreſs has ordered me to deliver it to the Gentleman who came to Windſor this day in the ſtage.—I held out my hand for the letter, tore it open, and read——

"I impute your omitting to enquire after "my name, to emotions ſimilar to thoſe "which agitated my boſom at the minute of "our departure, and I ſuppoſe you have "been travelling over the whole town to "find me out."—It is what I ſhould have been doing, ſaid I, ſtamping and curſing my remiſſneſs and ſtupidity—"if a more ſerious "engagement does not call for your at-"tendance, I ſhall hope for your company "as ſoon after you receive this as conveni-"ent; and you muſt conduct yourſelf before "thoſe you will ſee with me, as an old ac-"quaintance."——MARIA.

My reſpects, ſaid I, to your Miſtreſs, ſlipping a trifle into the boy's hand—I ſhall wait upon her immediately.—The boy retired.

In about ten minutes I was dreſſed.—Theſe ten minutes appeared an hour.—In twenty minutes was at the houſe.—Never did *neceſſitous* tradeſman, going humbly to petition a privileged *great* man, to pay a *ſmall* debt of *long* ſtanding, feel a more general agitation of nerves, or knock with a more trembling hand, than I felt, and than I knocked with, at the door of *Maria*'s lodgings.

THE

THE MEETING.

TURNING my head aſide accidentally, as I knocked at the door, I ſaw *Maria* peep over the window-blind; but when ſhewed into the parlour, I found her ſitting with her back turned towards the door, a book in her hand, ſupporting herſelf by her elbow, which reſted on the arm of the chair. She was ſeemingly ſo loſt in meditation, that had I not ſeen her peep over the parlour-blind, I ſhould have thought ſhe had neither heard me coming in, nor had ſeen me when I was in.—I gave a loud hem—the boy announced my entrance—"the Gentleman, Madam," and he withdrew.——

Maria ſtarted from her ſeat as roufed from a reverie.—I ſhould have ſuſpected her of duplicity, but the crimſon glow that fluſhed in her cheek, convinced me that the pretended

tended reverie was not a manœuvre of experience or practiſed art, but an immediate conſequence of amiable confuſion.——

The moment our eyes met, I perceived and felt for *Maria*'s ſituation.—Suſpicion fled, and the ardour of paſſion which ſucceeded, was inſtantly checked by the interpoſition of ſentiment.—My eyes bent downwards—the confuſion which revelled in her cheek had raiſed a tumult within her boſom. —Our feelings were mutual—our hands, guided by inſtinctive attraction, joined imperceptibly, till a reciprocal gentle preſſure convinced us of their junction.——Paſſion ſtepped in again, but ſentiment ſtill kept her poſt—we ſighed at one inſtant, as with one breath—at one inſtant we received relief—yet to ſpeak was impoſſible—though *Maria*'s eyes expreſſed unutterable things—mine perhaps were not without expreſſion—at leaſt *Maria* has ſince told me ſo.——

I had always an averſion to *punctilio*—no man in the world underſtands leſs, or pays leſs attention to thoſe who practiſe *ettiquette*

than I do—but ceremony in the preſent inſtance was out of the queſtion. *Nature* predominated, and under her ſweet influence I led the Lady to her chair, placed her on it, and placing myſelf upon another chair cloſe by her, without uttering a ſingle compliment, or a ſingle bow or courtſey being paſſed on my part or her's.——

I led her to her chair, "Grace was in all her ſteps." Grace, which the VESTRIS could never teach, nor nobility could never learn—for it is neither to be taught nor learned—it was the *grace* of Nature (1).—It was ſuch *grace* as her *Grace* the Dutcheſs of D—— nor her *Grace* the Dutcheſs of R—— never

(1) If you were to ſee my little memorandum book, you would acknowledge, notwithſtanding the above inſinuation, that I taught ſeveral *ladies* the true *natural grace*, and have received large emoluments for teaching the ſame; but the contents of this little book I ſhall keep *ſecret*, till ſafe upon the continent, when I ſhall *publiſh* it, as a grateful return for all *favours* received from the *ladies* of Great-Britain; and that my gratitude may not hereafter be called in queſtion, I have added to my catalogue many *favours* which I *never* received, but which ſhall alſo *be publiſhed*.——THE VESTRIS.

exhibited

exhibited in *public*; no, not even when led out by the firſt dancers of the court to walk the *minuet de la cour*.—But when his *Grace* the Duke of D—— or his *Grace* the Duke of R—— lead forth the partners of their love in *private*, to practiſe the *minuet de la cœur*, no doubt their *graces* then may ſhew as *graceful* a deportment, as now *gracefully* marked the perſon and ſteps of my *Maria* (1).

Two minuets paſſed without a word being uttered—they were golden minuets, worth a whole iron age.—

Maria had dropped her book from her hand, as it approached mine—the book lay upon the ground, I took it up—it was TRISTRAM SHANDY.——

(1) But I have ſeen a Lady whoſe name is GRACE, whoſe perſon is *grace*, whoſe face is *grace*—but above all, whoſe *mind* is *grace* itſelf.—Good heaven if ſhe would but ſmile *graciouſly* upon me!—

TRISTRAM

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

HAD *Sterne*, Madam, ſaid I, as I opened the book—Had *Sterne* experienced ſuch a tender meeting as the preſent, he could have written a whole volume upon the text.—

I was conſidering, anſwered *Maria*, when you came in, what a pity it was that *Sterne* left the deſcription of the *Widow Wadman*'s perſon and beauty to the imagination of his reader, and had not drawn the Lady's picture himſelf.—Alas! Madam, ſaid I, had *Sterne* drawn the widow's picture, it would only have increaſed his enemies, and heaven knows, the benignity of his heart and ſimplicity of his manners, had raiſed enough of them.—His deſcription, Madam, would have pleaſed few but himſelf; the critics would have fallen foul upon it, would have diſſected it to a hair, have tortured it limb by limb, bedaubed

bedaubed it and beſmutted it, for in the article of beauty, we ſeldom find two men who think alike; ſome admire ſlender, ſome admire full waiſts (1); a tint in the complexion, or a ſhade in the colour of the eye, ſettles the admiration, and gives birth to paſſion.

It is the ſame with women, anſwered *Maria*, they are equally capricious in their likings and affections.—Some women like *tall* men—others like *middle-ſized*, and ſome like *ſhort* men.—

Being *ſhort* myſelf, I made a low bow—

Your obſervation, Madam, ſaid I, is juſt, an inch this way [—or an inch that way]—may gain or loſe the affections of a woman—and as to the affections of men, they are not

(1) One of the firſt perſonages in this country indulging with me in the amorous dalliance of a retired *tete à tete*, gave me his opinion upon this ſubject; he declared his diſlike to the antiquated figures of former days, deſcribed by *Pope*, "ſmall by degrees, and beautifully leſs;" exclaiming at the ſame time in rapture—give me *quantity*—I deſpiſe *quality!* give me *latitude* and *longitude* in *love!*——

ARMSTEAD, *ſpinſter*.

confined

confined to beauty, to figure, or mental acpliſhments; I have often remarked old men fond of green girls, and young fellows giving preference to full-blown beauty—but theſe are falſe appetites.—

Falſe appetites? exclaimed *Maria*, ſtarting and looking towards heaven.—Alas! Sir, it is too true, that the devaſtation in the gardens of beauty and innocence, are generally made by old wretches.—Her boſom heaved as if burſting—her whole frame was in agitation—I finiſhed the ſentence for her—old wretches who lay *waſte*, but cannot *enjoy* the ſoil (1).

A ſhower of tears burſt from *Maria*'s eyes, and ſtole down her cheek, I wiped them off—but not with a handkerchief.——

(1) We have remarked two old fellows of this diabolical caſt, who conſtantly take their evening amuſement, during the ſummer ſeaſon, in Vauxhall gardens; and who in winter have old *haradans* in conſtant pay, prieſteſſes to Satan, at whoſe ſhrine they nightly offer up human ſacrifices.——

F—L—H and H—S—G.

A SHAN-

A

SHANDEAN CONVERSATION.

PERCEIVING the diſtreſs of my fair friend, though unable to account for the cauſe (1), I changed the ſubject, by taking up *Triſtram Shandy*, which I had laid upon the parlour-window, and accidentally opening the page where the author promiſes a chapter upon *button-holes*; it is a pity, ſaid I, turning to *Maria*, and affecting a ſprightlineſs to relieve her ſpirits—it is a pity, ſaid I, that *Triſtram* never filled this chapter—do you mean the *black* leaf, ſaid *Maria?*

I anſwered, no——

(1) The hiſtory of *Maria* ſhall be given in the courſe of this work, if the REVIEWERS will but aſſiſt the ſale of the firſt volume, by *abuſing* it—— THE AUTHOR.

I could

I could never penetrate into the moral of that dark page, ſaid *Maria*——

I do believe, ſaid I, it is an emblem of the black ingratitude of the world.

Then continued Maria, ſince you do not mean the black, you muſt mean the marble page; and that page is to me as inexplicable as the other——

I do not think, anſwered I, that there is any great difficulty to unravel the truths which lie myſtically hid under the veil of the marble page—I conſider it as a true picture of the *hard* marble *heads* and *hard* marble *hearts* of thoſe envious dull ones, who perſecuted him while living; and pray add, ſaid *Maria*, of thoſe unfeeling dull ones who could not underſtand or benefit by reading the dictates of his philanthropy——

I reſumed the ſubject of the *button-hole*——

Had he filled his chapter upon button-holes, ſaid I, it would have been delectable!——

He would have *filled* it in all probability, obſerved *Maria*, but poor fellow, you ſhould recollect

recollect his misfortune—you ſhould recollect he was grievouſly afflicted with a conſuming *aſthma*, the whole time he was compoſing his works——

I ſee the force of your obſervation, ſaid I, a man debilitated as he muſt have been, with death purſuing him at every ſtep, and ſhaking his dart at him upon every turn, had ſomething more material to employ his *mind*, and of courſe employ his *pen*, than ſuch trifling ſubjects as *button-holes*.

True, ſaid *Maria*, but come, you appear in perfect health and ſpirits, ſo let me ſee what you can ſay upon the ſubject—here—is a blank page, continued *Maria*, taking Triſtram Shandy out of my hand—here is a white blank page, turning over to chapter XXXVIII. in the IVth VOLUME; come, I will have an immediate proof of your literary abilities——

So ſaying, ſhe brought pen and ink, and placing the blank chapter in Shandy before me on a table—write, write, ſaid *Maria*, while I go order tea——

THE

THE BUTTON-HOLE.

A BUTTON-HOLE!——

WHAT could *Sterne* poſſibly have ſaid upon a *button-hole?*

Would he have *entered* into its *origin?*

Would he have deſcribed it with all its appendages and ornaments?

Would he have explained its uſes, its ſhape, and its component parts?

Would he have given us all thoſe ideas, which muſt conſequently have ariſen before his mind's eye in the courſe of conſidering and diſcuſſing the ſubject?

Heaven only knows whether he would have done *all* which theſe interrogatories enquire, but clear I am, that had he once taken the ſubject in hand, he would have done his *beſt*, and

and the *beſt* can do no more, though the ſubject to be handled was the *beſt in Chriſtendom* (1)——

But as I am not endowed with powers natural nor acquired, corporeal nor intellectual, ſufficient to ſupport me, ſhould I raſhly attempt to *enter* into ſo *deep* and *profound* a ſubject, a ſubject which would baffle the *pens* of the *Royal Society* or *Sorbonne*—a ſubject, which has exhauſted whole folios of learning, and employed the leiſure hours of the moſt learned men.—I will not preſume, Madam, to inform you what a *button-hole* is, though having *ſeen* many, and *felt* more, I will venture to tell you what a *button-hole* is *like*.——

The *button-hole* of a *pocket* being *vertical*, is like a *parentheſis* cloſed thus—☞()—

The *button-hole* of the *breaſt* being *horizontal*, is alſo like a *parentheſis*, but inverſed thus—☞⊃—

(1) This is the *meritricious* colouring of eloquence. ——TH—RL—W, *Cancel.*

View

View a *button-hole* which way you will—change its poſition ever ſo often—take it in whatever manner you pleaſe—it is a *paren-theſis* ſtill——

Split the word *parentheſis* in twain, and by the addition of one letter t, you have a double *illuſtration* of this *dark* ſubject——

The *firſt* ſyllable will be *parent*; now a *button-hole* is a *parent*, for by a proper uſe of it in *conjunction* with a *button*, it nouriſhes a man, by keeping him warm in cold weather.

The *ſecond* ſyllable will be *theſis*; now the *button-hole* is a *theſis*, which has produced much diſpute in the world, *nam fuit ante Helenam—cunnus cauſa deterrima bellis*; for my part, I know nothing of the *theory*, but being naturally of an aguiſh conſtitution, am liable to *hot-fits* and *cold-fits*, which cauſe me to *button* or *unbutton*, as I am *hot* or *cold*; I have had my ſhare of *button-hole-practics*—

And pray, Sir, who firſt made uſe of *button-holes?*——

With ſubmiſſion to their *reverences*, who are bound *ex officio*, to underſtand theſe things

better than laymen, I ſuppoſe that the button and *button-hole*, is as ancient as *Adam* and *Eve*, and were firſt uſed by them in joining their *fig-leaves together*; for as our firſt parents had neither *needle* nor *thread*, is it poſſible the uſe of ſomething like a *button* and *button-hole* was diſcovered by them———

And why not a *needle* and *thread*, Sir? Might not *Adam* procure a *thorn* for *Eve*, to ſerve as a *needle*, and might not *Eve* give a *lock* of her *hair*, to ſerve as a *thread*; and this *needle* and *thread* being thus procured, it is not poſſible, or at leaſt probable, that *Adam* and *Eve ſtitched* their *fig-leaves together?*

Whether they *buttoned* or *ſtitched* their *fig-leaves* together, in my opinion does not ſignify a farthing—but the learned Hebraiſts think otherwiſe (1)—

(1) Several men of extenſive learning, have written whole volumes in controverting ſuch *eſſential* points of ſcripture, and frequently preach upon them to the great *entertainment* of *themſelves* and *puniſhment* of their *auditors*——P—R—Y, D. D. *in his Collection of Old Ballads.*

Put

Put in the button xx xxxx xxxxxxxxs (1)—here having filled the blank-leaf, I could proceed no further, ſo turned it down, that Maria might peruſe it at her leiſure.

(1) It will be matter of great doubt to future generations, whether theſe x's mean the croſſes attending *buttons* and *button-holes*, or whether they repreſent the *number of times* a lady's *riding-habit* ought to be buttoned in the year—I ſay future generations, for my book will be read while *buttons* and *button-holes* are in being, which will be when *Junius*, &c. &c. ſhall be forgotten—THE AUTHOR.

TWO CHARACTERS.

MARIA returned juſt as I had cloſed the book, and deſired me to follow her, repeating her caution, that I ſhould conduct myſelf as an old acquaintance—ſhe uſhered me into a drawing-room, neatly furniſhed in the old ſtile, the chair-bottoms, the curtains, and even the pictures, were of needle-work.

The floor, which was of old oak, gliſtered with a burniſhed luſtre, and every article of the furniture had, from frequent friction, acquired a ſhining poliſh. In one corner ſtood a tambour-frame, in another corner an aparatus for painting—a grey parrot occupied a window on the right, a breeding-cage of Canary-birds occupied a window on the left, and on a large marble ſlab-table, which ſtood under a long old-faſhioned pier-glaſs, two turtles billed and cooed in amorous dalliance—

There

There were alſo two tabby-cats, their fur unſullied as ermine, purring by the fire-ſide; and a little French lap-dog, with his companion, big with pup, ſlumbered upon a cuſhion.

The lady of the manſion exhibited as evident marks of female induſtry as her furniture. Every article of her dreſs, at leaſt every thing that appeared, was ornamented with needle-work, and though in *diſhabille*, all was neat, and pinned on with a ſyſtematic accuracy—

This lady was tall and ſlender, her waiſt ſcarce a ſpan, her face forming an accute angle at the chin, her noſe prominent, and her ſkin tight to her cheek-bones, as if braced out of thoſe wrinkles, which a few treacherous gray hairs peeping from under a black wig, informed the beholder it was intitled to—ſhe had but *one* eye, but then that eye projected ſo far from out its ſocket, and had ſuch a convenient power of turning on its ſwivel (1), that it kept conſtant guard upon her

(1) Though there is no name mentioned here, yet we are clearly of opinion, that an information will lie *in*

her *blind ſide*, and was miſtreſs of a perpetual motion, which gave it all the qualities of the hundred eyes of *Argus*; for it took within its pupil, (which was ornamented with a ſmall pearl, contraſting a *coral* circle that embraced the ball) not only every object in front, but every object on each ſide.

Having ſketched out this virgin's perſon, (for ſhe was unmarried, had preſerved an untainted fame, and was not one of thoſe hypocrites who have no pretence to chaſtity themſelves, but by their ſeverity to the impure)—I muſt ſay ſomething of her mind, with which I ſoon became intimately acquainted. She was a wit, a ſatyriſt, a critic, and a writer,

Banco Regis, provided any lady living in Windſor will ſwear ſhe believes herſelf to be the perſon alluded to——WALL—E, *Att. G.* MA—D, *Sol. G.*

Some time ago, the above learned gentlemen, in argument at the bar, maintained, that *ſwivels* and *guns* were entirely different things. I in anſwer inſiſted, that though all *guns* were not *ſwivels*, yet all *ſwivels* were *guns*; and illuſtrated, by obſerving, that all *ſwivel-eyes* were *eyes*, though all *eyes* were not *ſwivel-eyes*.——The learned gentlemen looking in each other's *face*, were convinced——J. D—NN—G.

with

with a tongue ever pretending ſervice to her neighbours, but in its qualities contrary to that of the fox, which heals; whereas the tongue of Miſs *Verjuce* operated upon a character, as the medicine of a pretending quack, operates upon the body; and never parted it, till, as the devil left Job, the tortured character became a ſore all over——

With this damſel ſat a military gentleman, not leſs than ſixty, whoſe regimentals of ſcarlet, faced with green velvet, exhibited the faſhionable cut of twenty years paſt——His ſtature was tall, his ſhoulders broad, his appearance dignified, his eye penetrating, and his face, though furrowed by time, wore a ſmile of pleaſantry, that ſhewed he had grown old with good humour, and could ſupport age with a good grace. A vernacular broad pronunciation declared him an Iriſhman, and his attentive politeneſs ſoon convinced me he had held a commiſſion of rank in a foreign ſervice. He bore a deep ſcar upon his forehead, in teſtimony of his courage, and the *croix de St. Louis* pending

from his button-hole by a ribband, evinced his having received, at leaſt, an honorary reward from the prince under whoſe ſtandard he had fought——

On this object the eye of Miſs *Verjuce* kept continual play, which was returned by an aſſiduous attention to pleaſe on the part of the man of war.—She was his admirer, he pretended to be her's, and ſhe believed him, from the favourable opinion ſhe entertained of her merits—O *Vanity!* thou art a fault of the firſt magnitude in woman!—the cauſe of her greateſt misfortunes—even *Poverty* is not a greater enemy to her honour—and never had woman a greater ſhare of vanity than the woman I have deſcribed—ſhe was vain of her underſtanding, but that was excuſable, her glaſs could not ſhew its deformity—ſhe was vain of her perſon, that was aſtoniſhing, for the ſight of it muſt have reproved and humbled her, every time ſhe ſat at her toilet

TEA-

TEA-TABLE-CHAT.

THE Captain ſoon diſcovered I was his countryman, and no ſooner made the diſcovery, than he diſcharged a volley of interrogatories at me in ſucceſſion, as quick as a *feu de joy*—

Merciful heaven! Captain, exclaimed Miſs *Verjuice*, a ceſſation of queſtions, and let the converſation be general.—Pray, Sir, continued ſhe, turning full upon me, is there any likelihood that the preſent *unnatural* war will have a ſpeedy termination—

In addition to other qualifications, Miſs *Verjuice* was a *politician*—

Unnatural war, ſaid the Captain, repeating the word *unnatural* with marked emphaſis—Madam, it is not poſſible that a war by which ſo many men get their livelihood, can be *unnatural*—

Nor the *inſtruments* of the war neither, I ſuppoſe, replied Miſs *Verjuice*—you, Captain, took a very natural part in the laſt war—fighting againſt you king, and againſt your country.—This was the ſhot of an invenomed arrow, but integrity, which ſat upon the Captain's heart, repelled it—he ſaw the malignity of the intention, and warmed with an honeſt ardour, not to *reſent* the injury, but to *defend* his honour—

I fought for *bread* and for *reputation*, Madam, anſwered the Captain—the laws of my country deprived me of my inheritance, but they could not humble my ſpirit—born a gentleman, I ſcorned to degenerate into any other character.—A paſſion for fame, ſaid *Maria*, is the inſtinct of all great ſouls—I bowed to *Maria*, ſhe conſtrued my bow into an approbation of her ſentiment, but it was in fact, a bow of gratitude for the compliment ſhe paid my countryman—

The Captain went on—I fought for *bread*, I fought for *reputation*, and the inſtant I could

could acquire *bread* and *reputation* under the government of my own country, I returned to her boſom; returned with as ardent affection, heaven knows! as ever lover returned with to the boſom of his miſtreſs!——Miſs *Verjuice* for an inſtant *relaxed* her muſcles—But while government precluded me from going to heaven by the road which the ſouls of my anceſtors had travelled, I could not fight for that government with zeal, even if ſhe had accepted my ſervice.—Miſs *Verjuice* again *braced* up her muſcles—and you thought purgatory, ſaid Miſs *Verjuice*, the high road to heaven, and gave up your *eſtate* in *this* world, ſooner than you would ſubſcribe to the *geography* of the *other* world, as laid down by the law.—Do you not think it ſtrange, Sir, continued this amiable virgin, turning her *eye* upon me, that a man bred to the *ſword*, and who has been ſpreading *deſolation* over the face of the earth, ſhould have ſo *tender* a *conſcience?*——

I would have anſwered the lady—but there was no ſtopping the tide of the Captain's

volubility; his face glowed ſcarlet—his eyes darted lightning—he roſe from his chair, and throwing himſelf into the attitude of a *Cicero*, addreſſed Miſs *Verjuice*—You are a woman, Madam—and do not underſtand the duty of a ſoldier, nor the honourable purpoſes of war. —The duty of a ſoldier, Madam, is to ſupport juſtice, and do injury to no man—to maintain truth, and aid virtue—and let me tell you, Madam, that to repreſs the wild fury of lawleſs invaders, and by force to extirpate wickedneſs and oppreſſion from the face of the earth, has never been accounted violence or ſpreading deſolation in any country or language—Robbers may be ſubdued by force or death, if other means fail. Thoſe who invade private property, may be compelled to reſtitution at the bar of juſtice. But if independant ſtates have injured us, to what bar ſhall we cite them? who ſhall conſtrain them to appear at our ſummons? or if they ſhould appear, who ſhall oblige them to abide by our ſentence—open force then muſt be the dernier reſort; and who will be baſe,

baſe, or mean enough to ſay, that under ſuch circumſtances war is not juſt.

You are ſo eloquent and energetic in your eloquence, Captain, ſaid Miſs *Verjuice*, that it is really a pity you are not in the houſe, to aid the phalanx of *ſpeaking* admirals and generals——

The Captain had ſpent many years in France, he took the compliment *literally*, bowed in return, and laying his hand upon his heart, ſwore he would prefer ſerving his country in the field—

Miſs *Verjuice* would have replied, but the Captain had not exhauſted his oratory—

The enemies of Great-Britain and Ireland, vociferated the Captain, have in the preſent war acted with treachery, and ſhould be puniſhed—let every ſoldier, raiſing his hand as if to ſtimulate the ranks—let every ſoldier raiſe in himſelf a noble manly enthuſiaſm—*you* fight in the cauſe of virtue, juſtice, and freedom; no one is going to fight, ſaid Miſs *Verjuice*, but the Captain was not to be interrupted—he galloped on—animated by this

divine

divine principle, what wonders have not Britons performed, how have they riſen terrors of the earth, the protectors of the oppreſſed, the avengers of juſtice, and ſcourge of tyrants—how have the ſons of rapine ſunk before them, confounded and overthrown—Witneſs ye *Danube* and *Sombre*, crimſoned with blood—let France, let Spain, Germany, and both the Indies bear witneſs.—What was it fired Britiſh kings and generals—Alfred—William—Henry—George—Marlborough Granby—Cumberland—Wolfe, and Ligonier?—I will tell you, ſaid Miſs *Verjuice*, it was the juſtice of their cauſe, and an unconquerable paſſion for liberty!—

This unexpected ſtroke of anticipation *cut down* the Captain—he ſuddenly fell back in his chair—

Miſs *Verjuice* could not bear to loſe the advantage of her *cut*—ſhe followed her blow—there was a loud *exploſion* in your fire, Captain, ſaid Miſs *Verjuice*—but the charge was *government powder*—

I felt

I felt for the Captain, ſo changed the ſubject—There are but few of our countrymen now, ſaid I, in foreign ſervice—I know but of two, anſwered the Captain—*O'Riely*, who is in the ſervice of *Spain*, and *O'Dunn*, who is in the ſervice of *France*—

Do you mean the Sieur *O'Riely*, ſaid Miſs *Verjuice*, who went ambaſſador from *Madrid* to *Paris?*—I do, Madam, anſwered the Captain; and Count *O'Dunn*, who was diſpatched from *Paris*, to negociate with the Queen of *Portugal* on the armed neutrality—

There were accounts of thoſe negotiations, I believe, ſaid *Maria*, publiſhed in the prints—True, Madam, ſaid the Captain, I was preſent at *O'Riely*'s interview with the French king, and went with *O'Dunn* into Portugal, from whence I came to London.—It was I wrote and ſent the accounts to the *Public Ledger*, under the head, *Extract of a Letter from Paris:* I have both (1) about me,

(1) It is very probable, this extract of a letter from Paris, is as authentic as moſt extracts from foreign letters are—the majority of which are written in London.

and

and if you pleaſe ladies to hear them, the young gentleman, pointing to me, will be kind enough to read for your amuſement—

The ladies thanked the Captain—he took the papers from his pockets, and handing them to me, I read—

THE

THE SIEUR O'RIELY'S NEGOTIATION.

THE moſt *extraordinary* intelligence that ever was publiſhed within the walls of Paris, or ever ſet the ſpirits of Frenchmen upon the wing, has been publiſhed within theſe few days.

The victories of Edward and Henry of England, did not aſtoniſh the French nation ſo much, nor did the conqueſts of Lewis the XIVth, give the French people half the ſatisfaction, as they received from the capture of the Engliſh merchant-men. It was as novel as it was unexpected.

Half the people in France will be ruined by the expence of rejoicings—every houſe was open,

open, all the bells were ringing—men, women, and children, of all denominations, trades, and profeſſions, danc'd, caper'd, jigg'd it, and ſkip'd about with the agility of Benivento's devils.—What with fire-works and illuminations, bon-fires and tranſparent paintings, rockets, ſquibs, and crackers, diſcharges from the artillery, *feus de joye* from the ſmall arms, and huzzaing from the mob, not only the city of Paris, but the whole country round, looked and ſounded like hell itſelf.—All was fire and clatter—*te Deums* in every church!—

The court was met upon the occaſion of the glad tidings, when a *Grandee of Spain*, whiſkered up to the eye-brows—gloved up to the elbows—cuffed up to the arms, booted up to the hips, with a coat which fell ſhort of his hams, a waiſtcoat that reached to his knees, and ſpurred upon each heel like a game-cock, arrived expreſs from Madrid, with a letter congratulatory from his moſt *Catholic* Majeſty.——

The Grandee wore a thundering black perriwig, buſhy at the ſides, with a ramillie tail

tail down to his crupper, and had belted round his waiſt a baſket toledo, in the hilt of which was depoſited his handkerchief.—

The Grandee of Spain was announced to the court, by the Gentleman Uſher, as the *Sieur O' Riely*.—The Sieur *O' Riely* entered the inſtant his name was announced, the moſt *Chriſtian* King having juſt time to take his throne—the Queen ſeating herſelf by him.—The moſt Chriſtian King aroſe to receive the *Sieur*—the Queen turned to her favourite maid of honour *Lucetta*.—

This Grandee muſt be *Iriſh*, obſerved the Queen, by the great O' he carries before his name. It is true, ſaid *Lucetta*, for your Majeſty may remember moſt of the brigade officers who are returned to *Ireland*, had great O' before their names (1).

I remember it well, anſwered the Queen, bluſhing.—

(1) Since the laws againſt papiſts have been relaxed in Ireland, ſeveral gentlemen who were in foreign ſervices, have returned to their native country.

Her

Her Majeſty laying the back of her right hand convexed into the palm of her left, which ſhe had concaved for the purpoſe, and reſting her elbows upon her hips, with great eaſe dropped both hands upon——the Queen's hands fell juſt over that ſpot, where, in the picture of Venus, the golden claſp unites the argent zone of the Goddeſs.—The Queen courteſying to the ground, with the moſt amiable humility, while her eyes darted beams more penetrating than the rays of Apollo—her hands ſtill keeping their poſition—ſaid to the Sieur *O' Riely*—"*Noble Sir, your are welcome to theſe parts*."—

The whole court was aſtoniſhed at her Majeſty's condeſcenſion.—

The Sieur *O' Riely* was overwhelmed with her goodneſs, even to confuſion.—

Bowing to the ground with profound reſpect, and drawing back his right leg, he thurſt his ſpur into that part of the Gentleman-uſher's ancle where the articulation unites the leg to the foot.—The electrified Gentleman-uſher ſprung from the ground with

with a *ſacra Dieu!* and forgetting the preſence he was in, laid his hand upon his ſword. The Sieur *O' Riely* turning round his head, looked the Gentleman-uſher full in the face, and curling up his muſtachios over his noſtrils, muttered ſomething in a language neither Engliſh, Iriſh, French, nor Spaniſh—it partook of each language—" he grinned horribly a ghaſtly ſmile."—The Gentleman-uſher felt the full force of the Gorgon grin, he ſtood petrified—The whole court laughed.—The Sieur *O' Riely* took a pinch of ſnuff—he took it from his coat-pocket, where he always kept it looſe.

The Sieur *O' Riely* falling upon his left knee, rivetted his eyes upon the eyes of the Queen of France.—I have got it here, ſaid *O' Riely*, thurſting his hand into his breeches pockets—I have got that here, to preſent to your Majeſty, the like of which was never ſeen in France, in Spain, nor in any other country on the continent.—The Queen of France, *Lucetta* her favourite, the maids of honour, and all the other ladies of the court, ſmiled,

ſmiled, while their eyes followed the hand of the *Sieur* into his breeches-pocket—a thouſand ideas ſtruck their imagination.——

I have it here, exclaimed the *Sieur*, with an exulting voice, as he drew from his breeches pocket *a long roll.*—It was a roll of parchment, on which was written "a liſt of the *Engliſh merchantmen* taken by the fleets of France and Spain."

The Sieur *O' Riely* was right—France nor Spain, nor no country in the univerſe ever before ſaw ſuch a ſight.

The French King had read about one quarter of the liſt, when a nobleman ruſhed in, out of breath—Eagerneſs and aſtoniſhment were in his countenance.—The *Belle Poule*, ſaid the nobleman, is taken!—England muſt become bankrupt! exclaimed the French King.—The captain, officers, and one half of the ſeamen, ſaid the nobleman, are killed.—Lord have mercy on their ſouls! ejaculated the French King—but *we have taken the Engliſh convoy.*—Amen, added a biſhop, nodding half a ſleep in a chair—*we*

have

have taken the Engliſh convoy.—Let maſſes be ſaid for the killed, ſaid the Queen—*we have taken the Engliſh convoy*—not till thankſgiving is ſung for the victory, ſaid Monſieur *Sartine*—*we have taken the Engliſh convoy.*—

The *Belle Poule*, the captain, the officers, and the ſeamen, were immediately forgotten by the court of France—*they had taken the Engliſh convoy.*

The French King had read through half the liſt, when another nobleman came in.—The Duke *d'Artois* is gone, ſaid the nobleman, with a melancholy voice.—Then we have loſt the patron of faſhion, ſaid the Gentleman-uſher, looking down upon his enormous buckles, with a ſigh.—You muſt conceal the Duke's death, ſaid the French King, till the rejoicings are over—*we have taken the Engliſh convoy.*——If half the princes of the blood were dead, I would not mourn, nor wear mourning, this month—*for we have taken the Engliſh convoy.*——

Vive le Roi! exclaimed the nobleman, but alas! letting his voice fall into a ſorrowful *piano*,

piano, it is the *Artois ſhip of war*, carrying ſixty-four guns and ſeven hundred men, that is gone.—Good heaven, ſaid the Queen, the *Artois* was commanded by an *Iriſhman!* and was taken by an *Iriſhman*, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, anſwered the nobleman (1)—When *Greek* meets *Greek*, then comes the tug of war! ſaid *O' Riely*.

Theſe Iriſhmen, *Lucetta*, whiſpered the Queen of France, are always *ſtanding* in our way—that is our own fault, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, anſwered *Lucetta*.

Was their force equal? interrogated the French King.—Pretty equal, anſwered the nobleman.—By no means, ſaid *O' Riely*, turning to an Iriſh officer who ſtood behind him—*Clonard* fought againſt his king and country—diſloyalty weighed him down, and the reproach of being a parracide, weakened his heart.—Merciful heaven! that zeal ſhould ſo long have blinded England and my

(1) The Artois was commanded by the Count *d' Clonard*, and taken by Captain *Mac Bride*.

native land (1) as to force her ſubjects to fight againſt her!

Big tears ſtood in the eye of the Sieur *O'Riely*, for an inſtant—they rolled down the furrows of his ſun-burnt cheek—he took his handkerchief, from the hilt of his ſword, to wipe thoſe tears away, which his countryman perceiving, he claſped the veteran in his arms, and received the tears upon his faithful boſom.—

Here ended the Letter from Paris.—*Maria* had dropped a ſympathetic tear with *O'Riely*—Miſs *Verjuice* had ſwelled, but the fountain of humanity was dried within—not a tear fell.—You have taken no ſmall pains, Captain, ſaid Miſs *Verjuice*, to blazon the virtue and courage of your own countrymen, attend to the next letter, ſaid the Captain, and you ſhall acknowledge I have not been partial.—So ſaying, the Captain put another paper in my hand, and I read———

(1) *Perſecution* was conſumed in a *fire* of her own kindling in the month of June, 1780.——
L— G— G—R—N.

O'RIELY AND SARTINE.

THE court having broken up, Monſieur *Sartine* conducted the Sieur *O' Riely* from the royal palace to his own houſe.—

Dinner being ended, and the attendants ordered to retire, *Sartine* filled a rummer glaſs with Burgundy, and taking the *Sieur* by the hand—you Iſlanders, ſaid *Sartine*, drink deep—come, you muſt fill to my toaſt—I am going to give *the land we live in.*

The *Sieur* ſeizing the decanter in his right hand, and a rummer glaſs in his left, turned up his eyes to heaven, with a look of ardent zeal, approaching devotion——he heaved a heavy ſigh from the bottom of his deep cheſt, expreſſive of his feeling, and pouring the libation of Burgundy into his rummer, till it overflowed the brim, and riſing from his chair, his eye ſtill turned up to heaven, he articulated

articulated in an expreſſion of grief, mingled with pleaſure—*The Britiſh dominions.*—

Sartine ſmiled, at what he ſuppoſed a miſtake of his gueſt.—

You are an *Iriſhman*, ſaid *Sartine*, and have privilege to fall into errors without giving offence.—I excuſe you, my friend, but I meant by my toaſt, the dominions of the *grand monarque.*

Then, anſwered *O' Riely*, you ſhould have ſaid—the land we *breathe* in—there is no *living* any where, but under a free government.—I have conſidered myſelf as dying of a conſumption ever ſince I left my native climate, ſo *here ſhe goes!* and pouring more wine upon the liquor which already overflowed his rummer—*here ſhe goes!* repeated *O' Riely*, with an *oath.*——

It is a *bumper toaſt*, ſaid *Sartine*, and ſhould have preceded all others, filling at the ſame time the rummer he had emptied, to the dominions of the *grand monarque.*——It is a bumper toaſt, by heaven! ſaid *O' Riely*, and the world muſt give way to her—only *half* of

the world, ſaid *Sartine*.—She is the mother of the iſlands, continued *O' Riely*—ſhe is the ſovereign miſtreſs of the ſea.—I love her as I love the blood of my heart—my toaſt is *Old England*.—

Monſieur *Sartine* was ſtruck dumb—he ſipped part of his Burgundy.—

This *victory* of ours, ſaid *Sartine*, recovering from his ſurprize, as *O' Riely* recovered from his agitation, this victory of ours is glorious! What victory, enquired his gueſt? Have we not taken the *Engliſh convoy?* ſaid *Sartine*.—We may ſay with *Cæſar, Veni! vidi! vici!* Yes, you may ſay that, ſaid *O' Riely*, you came! you ſaw! you conquer'd! but I cannot ſee much honour in the affair, nor much courage, nor any great national advantage.——The devil a ſword was drawn—nor the devil a gun was fired; and when the cargoes are divided between France and Spain, where will be the advantage?—

Let me tell you, Monſieur *Sartine*, this glorious victory, gained without fighting or bloodſhed, will coſt France and Spain more

ſhips,

ſhips, more men, more money, and more reputation, than a thouſand times the value of the ſhips they have taken.—

Engliſhmen are as delicate of the character of their *courage*, as Engliſh women are of the reputation of their *chaſtity*.——

Take my word for it, Monſieur *Sartine*, a ſhort time will ſhew you ſome of thoſe laconic Engliſh Gazette-epiſtles, that ſay, "the enemies ſhips are all taken, ſunk, burned, and deſtroyed, as per margin."—

The times are altered, ſaid *Sartine*.—I grant ſuch accounts have formerly appeared, but in our late engagements with the Engliſh, we have fought like devils incarnate.

You have done wonders no doubt, anſwered the *Hibernian*; but if your men have fought like *devils*, how muſt theſe men have fought, who cut your *devils* to pieces—they muſt have fought like *angels* at leaſt.—The courage of the *Engliſh* is natural, it is inherent to the ſoil—their dogs, their horſes, their game cocks, are conſtitutionally brave;

ſend them to *France*, and they degenerate.—It is the ſame with their *men* (1).

Monſieur *Sartine* pulled out his watch—it is time, ſaid *Sartine*, we ſhould attend the drawing-room.—He ordered his carriage, and taking *O'Riely* with him, drove for the palace.——

(1) It is true indeed, and pity it is 'tis true, that what with taking the *grand tour*, and being upon terms of *familiarity* at home with the baſe *outcaſts* of foreign nations, the dancing, fiddling, ſkipping tribe of the opera-houſe, many of our young fellows of faſhion have ſunk from their natural ſpirit and the dignity of *manhood*.——ED—D O—S—W.

O'RIELY

O'RIELY AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE RUMP OF BEEF.

WHEN *O' Riely* arrived at the drawing-room, he was joined by his countryman in the French ſervice—deſcription is inadequate, ſaid *O'Riely*'s countryman, the tongue of man cannot communicate a proper idea of the vanity, the pride, the preſumption of this volatile nation—from the meaneſt peaſant up to the grand *monarque*, they are jigging it over the whole country—

The court is in an uproar—all the foreign miniſters, all the nobles, and all the wives, ſons and daughters of the nobles and foreign miniſters, have been invited to partake of the Engliſh and Iriſh beef taken on board the Quebec fleet—a large *rump* has been ſent to

Paris as a ſpecimen; this *rump* was intended for the king's table, but not a pot in his majeſty's kitchen was large enough to boil it —The chief cook has made his fortune by ſhewing it at a *dernier* per head. There never was ſuch a *rump* ſeen in France—

The magnitude of this *rump* had ſet all the court ladies of France calculating—they thought of nothing but the *rump*—the *rump* was ſtill uppermoſt in their thoughts, and at their tongues ends.—The queen of France intending to enquire after the king's *health*, enquired after his majeſty's *rump*—*Lucetta* miſſed her little lap-dog—has any one ſeen it, ſaid *Lucetta*, there never was ſo pretty a thing—ſeen what? aſked Monſieur *Sartine*, my little *rump* anſwered *Lucetta*—a bee ſtung one of the maids of honour on the *cheek*—I am ſtung!—I am ſtung!—roared the maid of honour—where!—where? enquired the king's phyſician—here, here, here on my *rump*, ſaid the maid of honour—then I cannot extract the ſting in this place, replied the phyſician—

The

The magnitude of this *rump* had ſet all the court ladies of France calculating—the height of the great ſtatue of Jupiter, was calculated from his thumb, as bearing a proportion to its other parts. The ſtature of the antideluvian giants was calculated from their hip-bones found in Sicily, and the ſize of the deer, formerly in Ireland, has been calculated from the dimenſions of their horns found in the bogs—The French ladies had better materials for calculating, than a *thumb*, a *hip-bone*, or a deer's *antler*—They calculated from the *rump*—

An Engliſh ox, ſaid *Lucetta*, has, I ſuppoſe, a *rump* as large again as an Engliſhman—and ſo by a ſimple rule of diviſion, ſhe meaſured the limbs of the Engliſh priſoners expected at Paris—*Lucetta* firſt meaſured their *rumps* in her imagination, and thereby *hangs a tail*—*Lucetta* whiſpered in the Queen's ear when ſhe had formed her calulation—you are right, ſaid the Queen to *Lucetta*, that muſt be the *length*, for that is juſt *half* the length of an Engliſh *oxe's horn*—we have no ſuch *horns* in

France, ſaid *Lucetta*—true, but many *Engliſh* gentlemen have *French horns*, anſwered the Queen (1)—but I wiſh the Engliſh priſoners were in Paris—Heavens! what *horning* and *butting* would be then—

Now the Engliſh *rump* of beef was ſuch a curioſity in Paris, that the French king had it modelled in *cork*—I will try how it fits, ſaid the Queen of France to *Lucetta*—Lucetta fixed the *cork-rump* upon the Queen—the Queen would never part with it, ſo *Lucetta*, and all the ladies of the French court got *cork-rumps*, in compliment to her majeſty——

(1) Count *d'Guines*, when ambaſſador from France to England, introduced *French horns* into ſeveral noble families.——C———.

A DRAW-

A

DRAWING-ROOM CONVERSATION.

NEVER was drawing-room in Paris ſo crowded as this drawing-room—all orders of people were admitted, tag, rag, and bob-tail, poured in; and as they poured in, they poured out their congratulations to the French King on capturing the Quebec fleet —*Vive le Roi!* was the general cry—

There was not half ſo much rejoicing in England laſt war, when not only Quebec itſelf, but all Canada was taken from France by the Britiſh arms—

I always give my opinion openly, when it is demanded, ſaid the Sieur *O'Riely*, bowing

reſpectfully, and anſwering the King—I was born in a land of liberty, and ſucked in freedom with the firſt reſpirations of life. Your majeſty commands my opinion, you ſhall have an honeſt one—

The Engliſh have loſt their Quebec fleet, a heavy loſs to them no doubt, but no acquiſition of glory to France or to Spain, they had no convoy to fight for them—not a gun fired—not a ſword drawn—

Should the grand fleets of each nation meet, then there will be fighting worth ſpeaking of. Theſe Engliſh are a people who will march up as cool to the mouth of a charged canon, as they march up to their bed—

To their bed, ſaid *Lucetta* to herſelf—march up *coolly* to their bed!—the Sieur muſt be ſpeaking of *batchelors*, I ſuppoſe, whiſpered *Lucetta* to the Queen—Heaven preſerve me from a huſband who would march *coolly* to bed—

How did they behave againſt Cæſar, againſt the Danes——How at Creſſy—at

—at Poictiers—at Agincourt? continued the Sieur *O' Riely*—

They fought at Agincourt without their *breeches*, ſaid a merry biſhop, as he rubbed down his ſleek and rubied dewlap (1)—

Mercy! preſerve us!—ejaculated the Queen—

It muſt have been a ſtrange ſight, ſaid *Lucetta*—

And I ſwear by my *biſhoprick*, continued the reverend father—and there is not a better biſhoprick in France, had but one company of *Amazons* been in the pay of France that day, the *unbreeched* Engliſh would never have carried a *ſtandard* from the field—

It was a *dirty* affair, ſaid the King—to *France*, ſaid *O' Riely*—but why did you not open the *nunneries*, the *nuns* would have done the buſineſs as effectually as the Amazons; confinement gives ferocity to paſſion—the

(1) At the battle of Agincourt, the Engliſh were ſo ill with a violent dyſentery, they were obliged to fight uncovered in the rear——

nuns would have played the devil in the ranks—there would have been no ſtanding before them for five minutes—what ſays your reverence?

You are miſtaken, replied the biſhop, the holy mother-church takes ſpecial care, that all women under tuition of its *members* ſhall be properly *diſciplined*. Though nunneries are *hot-beds*, yet the *nuns* who may be ſaid to *vegetate* in theſe beds, are *cool* as *cucumbers*—

As I am a Chriſtian, ruminated *Lucetta* to herſelf—had I known that *nuns* led ſuch chaſte and holy lives—I ſhould have taken the veil long ſince—I ſhould have flouriſhed in one of theſe *hot-beds* like a *ſenſitive plant*—

The Sieur *O' Riely* went on—

Let us, continued the Sieur, look to more modern times. The aſtoniſhing victories of Marlborough, which exceed any victories antiquity can boaſt—to theſe ſucceed Dettingen—Minden—hold ſaid Monſieur *Sartine*, interrupting the *Sieur*, you have forgotten or

ſlipped

ſlipped over Fountenoy, where the Engliſh run——

Not ſo, by heaven! ſaid *O'Riely*, ſtretching forth his hand, and rolling an enthuſiaſtic eye, I have not forgotten Fountenoy—nor the famous battle of the *Spurs*, where the French cavalry galloped off in whole ſquadrons—the Engliſh run at Fountenoy! yes, they run up to the muzzles of your muſquets, while you were intrenched chin-deep in earth, and mowing down whole columns from your maſked batteries—but notwithſtanding the whole power of France, your *gen d'arms*, and your ſelect infantry, the Engliſh would never have ſtopped running, till they had run into your trenches, and forced you to run out, but for your auxiliaries—they never ſtood till the Iriſh brigades appeared before them, and then they ſtood; ſhocked to ſee the ſubjects of their own climate, the children of their own conſtitution ſtanding armed, to oppoſe them in the field—the brigades changed the face of the battle, they fought for a point of honour, and would not

not flinch. The Engliſh had the ſame point of honour to maintain, and each fought, without loſing an inch of ground, till the ſlaughter on both ſides made it neceſſary for each ſide to retreat—the French looking on—

After this, good Monſieur *Sartine*, continued *O'Riely*, will you pretend to ſay, that at Fountenoy, even England retreated before France ——

Monſieur *Sartine* ſtood dumb——

This too was the day when the late glorious immortal Cumberland, rebellion's curſe and freedom's friend, exclaimed againſt the wretched policy of his country, which forced ſo many of her ſubjects to fight againſt her, for the wretched pay, and precarious ſuſtenance of France——

O! may the hero ever live the bleſſing and the honour of his country!—

The whole court laughed at the Sieur *O'Riley*'s blunder—they took it for an error of his *head*, whereas it was an overflowing of his *heart*—he was grateful to Cumberland for his opinion

opinion (1)—the biſhop took him up upon it—the Duke of Cumberland, ſaid the biſhop, has been dead ſome years——we have not heard of his reſurrection——

O'Riely gave a heavy ſigh, and with a ſmile of ineffable contempt, retorted upon the holy father—not one of all the ſaints, ſaid *O'Riley*, that ever Monkiſh ſuperſtition canonized in your rubrick, lives in ſuch glory as the hero—Cumberland the brave, the generous and good, *lives* in the hearts of a free people, and will live in their hearts, till memory is no more—and hiſtory is obliterated ——which of the commanders, of your army of martyrs, can you ſay ſo much——

The French King, mortified at the ſpirit and manner in which the brave old Hibernian had delivered his ſentiments, left the draw-

(1) When the Duke of Cumberland ſaw the ſtand made by the Iriſh brigades, he curſed with great bitterneſs the policy which had forced them into a foreign ſervice. There was a regiment of Iriſh horſe in the ſervice of England that day, commanded by Lord Ligonier, which ſtood till almoſt cut to pieces—

ing-

ing-room in diſguſt—the biſhop followed his majeſty, gnawing his under lip, he felt for the army of martyrs—and Monſieur *Sartine* ſkipped after with remarkable agility, Monſieur *Sartine* felt for himſelf——

The Queen remained behind, which *O'Riely* perceiving, ſtepped in between her majeſty and the gentleman uſher, who inſtantly ſtepped aſide, and offering his hand, with an obſequious bow, her majeſty accepted it with an ineffable ſmile of good humour and condeſcenſion—Every courtier's heart grew black with envy—

Lucetta and the maids of honour brought up the rear, with their eyes fixed upon *O'Riely*'s back, he is at leaſt half the ſize of an ox, ſaid *Lucetta*—what a *rump*, ſaid the maids of honour—and what a *Ramillie-tail*, ſaid *Lucetta*—the maids of honour repeated the obſervation, it flew into the anti-chamber, where it was echoed by the court ladies—the other attendants re-echoed it in the upper ſtories—it got down ſtairs, and returned up

ſtairs

ſtairs verberated and re-verberated, from room to room, from the garret to the coal-hole.

Having finiſhed the Sieur *O'Riely*'s interview with their French majeſties, and returned the paper to the Captain, Miſs *Verjuice* opened her mouth, a mouth which never opened, but like Pandora's-box, it emitted a collection of evils—Happily for the Captain in the very inſtant ſhe was going to give a full diſcharge of acrimonious ſarcaſm, the ſervant brought in a note, which ſhe informed us, required her immediate attendance on a neighbouring lady who was ſeized with labour—

Miſs *Verjuice*, though a *virgin*, had the experience of an *acoucheur*; ſhe had read anatomy, and was often called in to aſſiſt, being remarkable for her *philoſophical* conduct, which enabled her to ſtand *unmoved*, when even the midwife has been found ſo *weak-hearted*, as to leave her patient to nature—But if Miſs *Verjuice* did not poſſeſs humanity, ſhe poſſeſſed the affectation of humanity in the fulleſt extent; for as her virtue conſiſted in her ſeverity

verity upon the vicious, ſo her humanity conſiſted in a ſevere abuſe upon the uncharitable—She was a theoriſt in both, but had never entered into the practice of either—Not but Miſs *Verjuice* had paſſions—but ſhe had never been led into temptation—

Miſs *Verjuice* was punctual to every call of every ſick or unfortunate acquaintance, who ſtood in need of *no* pecuniary aſſiſtance, no lady could mourn with a more deplorable countenance, or ſought the houſe of ſorrow with more ſedulity than Miſs *Verjuice*, if verbal conſolation only was required—yet ſuch was the tenderneſs of her feelings, that if *want* attended ſickneſs or misfortune, ſhe could not bear to look upon accumulated diſtreſs, and therefore the poor man's door ſhewas never known to enter——

Punctual in attending church, and regular in paying the poor-rates, it might be ſaid that ſhe was religious and bountiful *according to law*. She practiſed all the externals of morality, without morals, and

performed the rituals of devotions, without piety (1)——

Miſs Verjuice, notwithſtanding an affectation of hurry, entered into a diſſertation upon the neceſſity of aſſiſting our fellow-creature in diſtreſs; but *Maria* obſerving, that perhaps her friend might be impatient to ſee her—ſhe made an apology, I returned to the parlour with *Maria*, attended by the Captain, and ſoon after ſaw Miſs *Verjuice* ſally forth, equipt in her night-dreſs——

The Captain propoſed a walk, to which propoſal Maria and I acquieſcing, we proceeded to the bank of the Thames, and find-

(1) I have been particular in deſcribing this *virgin* and her attributes, as ſhe will hereafter cut a very conſpicuous figure in theſe excurſions. It is true, my intenion is to ſhew human nature in its amiable light, but to do this with any degree of perfection, I muſt be allowed a dark ground and ſtrong ſhades—many will doubt that ſuch a character exiſts, but let them go to———No, let them live in doubt ſtill, and may they never receive conviction from experience.——THE AUTHOR.

ing

ing a convenient ſpot, cloſe to a thicket, ſat down to enjoy the beauty of the proſpect, and the evening-air, which being gently agitated by a cooling fragrant breeze, pleaſed and revived the ſenſes——

THE

THE BIRD'S NEST.

A THRUSH ſat perched upon the ſpray of an old thorn, he kept turning and looking to every quarter, with evident anxious expectation; but being ſoon joined by his mate, who bore food in her mouth, his joy became conſpicuous as his anxiety had been, and he expreſſed it to his companion in a thouſand endearing ſalutations and offices of love—the hen popped into the thicket to feed her young, while the cock turning up his head towards heaven, in grateful thanks to his Creator, for the providential ſuſtenance of his little family, poured forth the joyful thanks of his heart in melodious ſong——

But happineſs is not the lot of mortal beings, from the moſt inſignificant inſect up to the great lord of the creation, man, every animal has its misfortunes—its miſeries—all are the ſports of contingencies——

Two

Two boys ſtole along the thicket—the poor thruſh upon the ſpray, inſtantly ſtopt his melody—— he boys had diſcovered his neſt, and before I could prevent the depredation, for I aroſe for the purpoſe, had torn it from the thicket with its infant inhabitants. The hen had eſcaped, and joined the mate—the boys carried off their prey, the old birds calling in notes of diſtreſs—the boys diſappeared, hope diſappeared with them—the unhappy parents ſat ſilent cloſe to each other for a few minutes, when, as if urged by a mutual deſpair, they took wing together, and flew from the ſcene of their wretchedneſs——

There is ſomething, ſaid the Captain, truly diſtreſſing, in the exhibition of domeſtic woe, juſt preſented to us—and ſhould I detect a ſon of mine in the commiſſion of ſuch a robbery, as the two little raſcals have committed, I would puniſh them as ſeverely as for robbing the church——

Why, in truth, ſaid Maria, it is a ſpecies of ſacrilege—children ſhould be taught to abhor it, to impreſs the precepts of humanity

upon

upon the minds of infants is the firſt, the moſt eſſential duty of parents—it prepares the heart for all the tender offices of life, and opens the ſoul to receive the lights of morality and religion—

I muſt pay this tribute to your ſentiment, ſaid the Captain, ſeizing *Maria*'s hand—preſſing it to his breaſt—he raiſed it to his lips, and kiſſed it—but with ſuch chaſtity of devotion, as the profeſſed religious kiſs the ſhrines of their patron ſaints.—A tear had fallen from his eye upon *Maria*'s hand, ſhe would have wiped it away with her handkerchief, but while viewing it with admiration, her heart bleeding with ſympathy, a beam darted from the evening-ſun, and exhaled the tear to the upper heaven, where it is now preſerved upon the altar of *grace*, an evidence of human benignity.

It is our duty, ſaid the Captain, to uſe all animals with mercy—they have life, they have ſenſe, they have gratitude—thoſe of a domeſtic nature, are moſt of them endowed with affection and tenderneſs to their protec-

tors, while others poſſeſs properties, which make us the moſt beneficial returns—we owe juſtice to men, but grace and goodneſs to brutes——

But, ſaid I, adverting to the plunder of the poor thruſh, there is a happineſs peculiar to ſubordinate animals of every ſpecies, their parental tenderneſs is but temporary, and their grief on loſing their offspring, though it may be ſevere while it laſts, laſts but a ſhort time; whereas with the human ſpecies, ſuch misfortunes produce permanent grief—often terminate in death——

SLAVE

SLAVE TRADE.

MERCIFUL heaven! exclaimed the Captain—when we reflect upon the plunder of the human ſpecies, carried on by nations calling themſelves chriſtian, profeſſing the divine maxim "do as you would be done by," boaſting the benign principles of humanity, and enlightened by the ſublime rays of holy revelation, it ſinks us, in my opinion, infinitely below the moſt ferocious beaſts of prey, for none of theſe live by the ſlaughter and calamities of their own kind.—

I perceive, ſaid I, you are execrating the conduct of Europeans to the unhappy children of Africa.—I have often reflected upon our cruelty to thoſe people; firſt, in carrying them from their native country, and then exerciſing upon them every cruelty that can

debaſe human nature, or render life miſerable.——

There is but one way of accounting for this cruelty, ſaid Maria, and *Sterne* has hit upon it, "the poor *Negroes* have no one to ſtand up for them."—

They are ſacrifices to COMMERCE, ſaid I—

You mean to AVARICE, ſaid the Captain—COMMERCE is a mild deity, and never requires human victims to bleed upon her altar.—The fruits of induſtry and the fruits of the earth are her offerings. Commerce is a cure for the moſt deſtructive prejudices; where we find agreeable manners, there commerce flouriſhes; and wherever there is commerce, there we meet agreeable manners.—So ſays Monteſquieu.—

Commercical laws, ſaid I, arguing from the ſame author, improve manners, but they improve manners from the ſame reaſon they deſtroy them—they corrupt the pureſt morals, poliſh and refine the moſt barbarous. The ſpirit of trade produces in the mind of man a certain ſenſe of exact juſtice, but does it not

not produce ſanguinary laws and rage of avarice, that overleaps all bound of juſtice, and tramples upon humanity. The total deprivation of trade produces robbery—but is not hoſpitality moſt rare in trading countries, and is it not found in perfection among nations of vagabonds? Among the ancient Germans, to ſhut a door againſt a ſtranger, would be conſidered as ſacrilege.—

I ſhall not take upon me, ſaid Maria, to determine how far ſuch nations may merit the opprobrious term you have given them, but I ſhould rather live and die among ſuch a people, than among the moſt refined; and I think this hoſpitality, which muſt neceſſarily include in it an aſſiduity to pleaſe, is a convincing proof of the excellency of the human heart in a ſimple ſtate.—What have we got by our boaſted improvements and frivilous politeneſs, but the loſs of manly firmneſs and independence (1).—

(1) I could write a very long note upon this.—
ED. C—s—w.

The Captain looked at Maria with aſtoniſhment, and ſeizing her hand with a degree of rapture, exclaimed, you are right—you are right, my girl! Avarice, ſenſuality, and every ſpecies of meanneſs, have ſucceeded to generoſity and honour; and faction and ſervitude, with bellowing on one ſide, and adulation on the other, are ſtorming and undermining the aſylum of liberty—almoſt every man wears the maſk of hypocriſy—the noble frankneſs which marked the character of Engliſhmen, has dwindled into an affectation of ſentiment; and in aſſuming ſuſceptibility of too refined feelings, from feeling like men, we have adopted the manners of women.—Even philoſophy participates the refinement of modern manners; ſhe forgets her chaſte and ſimple character—ſhe forgets that ſhe once inhabited the lonely cot of Socrates, and ſhared the frugal fare of Epaminondas.—— Then your legiſlators and generals—Shew me a modern ſenator or commander, who will deſcend from the ſeat of magiſtracy or car

car of triumph, and cultivate the land which his voice enacted laws to rule, or which he defended with his blood——

But to advert to the ſubject we were on, continued the Captain, every man who poſſeſſes humanity, can vindicate the rights of humanity in his own breaſt; but few men, who feel the force of theſe rights, have ability to defend them.—When a benevolent mind contemplates the ravages, with which avarice has depopulated whole regions of the earth, the ſoul ſhudders with horror—But when we ſee the unhappy NEGRO, ſeduced by the wiles of European diſſimulation, or dragged by treachery and force, from his native liberty, relations, friends—perhaps the partner of his heart, and pledges of his love—then indeed the ſoul revolts and execrates the *villain*, and the infamous *policy* which *protects* the villain, who, to indulge his *avarice*, by providing for the ſenſuality of others, tramples upon natural rights, and forces into the vile

regions of ſervitude, men born free as himſelf (1).

I have ſerved in South America, continued the Captain—I have converſed with the ſlaves, and have found among them men as capable of generous ſentiment, and of as noble ſoul, as ever diſtinguiſhed the character of a white —Good heavens! my heart ſinks, when recollection preſents to my imagination, the miſery of theſe unfortunate fellow-creatures, to whom death alone can give enfranchiſement!——

Here the Captain ſtopped—he was too full to proceed——

(1) It is really aſtoniſhing, that in the dependencies of Great-Britain, *ſlavery* ſhould be permitted. The court of *King's-Bench*, in the celebrated *negro cauſe*, laid it down, as a *principle* of the Engliſh conſtitution, that ſlavery could not exiſt in this country, and that the inſtant a *negro* ſet his foot on ſhore, he was free. Surely the *principles* of the conſtitution are immutable, and rule in all the dependencies of Great-Britain, though the *local* laws do not, and therefore *ſlavery* cannot conſtitutionally exiſt in the dependencies.——F—— H—R—VE.

As

As we are convinced, ſaid *Maria*, from our own feelings, that our hearts naturally incline us to relieve miſery, and our reaſon approves it as right——when we conſider that providence has infuſed humanity into our breaſts, and has taught us to look to him as an example of mercy; it is aſtoniſhing, that pity, and the divine pleaſure which reſults from doing good, ſhould be ſo far exterminated from mankind.

Cruelties, ſaid the Captain, which no tongue can deſcribe, which no heart can conceive, but from the evidence of the eyes, are inflicted upon *negroes*. The American and Weſt-Indian newspapers, may give a ſlight idea of the deplorable ſituation of theſe unhappy creatures. In theſe papers, they are advertiſed as *negro fellows*, or *negro wenches*—often deſcribed as bearing their tyrannic maſter's *brand* upon their *cheek*—having a *padlocked yoke* about their *neck*, or carrying the marks of mercileſs *ſtripes* upon their *ſkin*—I have ſeen them rouſed by the *laſh* to their labour—drove into ſtalls in herds like brutes, and fed worſe than thoſe

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dogs which are kept for the purpoſe of *hunting* them, when they attempt to eſcape—then in their old age they are turned out to poverty—and they are denied *baptiſm*, from an apprehenſion it would make them inſolen ——

Pray, ſaid *Maria*, addreſſing the Captain, are there any *clergymen* in thoſe countries—

Every pariſh has its *paſtor*, anſwered the Captain, and every *paſtor* is a *planter*, and keeps unbaptized ſlaves——

Lord have mercy upon their ſouls! ſaid Maria——

On whoſe ſouls? aſked the Captain—

On the ſouls of thoſe planters, anſwered Maria—

Do you mean, ſaid the Captain, the *planters* of *Chriſtianity*, if you do—●— (1), and indeed the planters of tobacco, do not appear in a much better predicament——

(1) This *blot* ſeems to be the very reverſe of the blot which the recording angel dropped upon my uncle *Toby*'s oath——LAURENCE STERNE.

The

The Captain would have proceeded, but perceiving Maria was in tears, he immediately ſtopt (1)—He had a ſoul, brave as Achilles —had a heart melting as infant tenderneſs—

We will change the converſation, ſaid the Captain—Here my lad, ſaid he, handing a paper, here is the account I publiſhed of Count O'Dunn.

I took the paper and read——

(1) He would have added, no doubt, that at the death of a planter the *negroes* are ſold by auction, fathers ſeparated from their children and their wives —that a *white man* may beat a *black man* with impunity, or debauch his wife or daughter—that he may *murder* him, upon paying his *value, and* that it is *death* for a black to ſtrike a *white*—and ſo it ſhould be——A Planter.

COUNT O'DUNN'S NEGOTIATION WITH THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Count O'Dunn's Appointment.

IF her majeſty of Portugal could be prevailed upon to join the armed neutrality, ſaid the grand monarque, England muſt ſubmit—her flag would no longer proudly fly, with uſurped authority upon the narrow ſeas—the thunder of her cannon would no longer, with ſovereign arrogance, command the ſhips of other independent ſtates to lower their topſails—What is to be done, *Sartine?*—

Nothing can be done, anſwered Monſieur *Sartine*, our moſt able and ſubtil negotiators have failed in their negotiations with the Queen of Portugal—

Count

Count *O'Dunn*, who had been employed laſt war, as plenipotentiary to the court of Liſbon, was ſtanding at the French King's elbow.

Our moſt able and ſubtle negotiators have failed, repeated Monſieur *Sartine*—

They were Frenchmen, ſaid Count *O'Dunn* to himſelf—

The Queen of Portugal is as impenetrable as flint, ſaid Monſieur *Sartine*—

To French negotiators, ſaid Count *O'Dunn* to himſelf—

You have been in Portugal, *O'Dunn*, ſaid the French King—with a wink, which implied, "you have ſeen *Pharſalia*;" but *mum*—what think you of the Queen, is ſhe that ſoul of marble, *Sartine* repreſents her? —Is there no getting at her heart?

She is a woman, may it pleaſe your majeſty, anſwered *O'Dunn*, and I know but of *one* way by which her heart can be approached——

The Count has been a man of gallantry in his time, obſerved the French Queen—no man

man at court has the character of getting *nearer* a lady's *heart* than the Count——

Three ladies *ſighed*, in confirmation of what her majeſty ſaid—

Then he is the very man to do *buſineſs*, with the Queen of Portugal, ſaid Monſieur *Sartine*.

The Count *O'Dunn* was immediately inveſted with full powers to negotiate with the Queen of Portugal.——The Count depended but little, however, upon his *paper* inſtructions, though an old man, his chief dependence was upon his *abilities*—then he had *experience*, and *experience* is half the *battle*—he knew it was a Lady he had to deal with, and no man breathing knew *better* how to deal with a Lady——

O'DUNN'S ARRIVAL AT LISBON.

SOON as the Count *O'Dunn* arrived at Liſbon, he diſpatched his ſecretary to court—the Lady in waiting informed the Queen of Portugal—the Count was deſired to attend in the anti-chamber—he was announced—he appeared, and the inſtant he appeared, every woman in the room ejaculated the firſt letter of his name with a note of admiration annexed—O! O! O! O! O! went round the room—O! was the only ſound for two minutes——

The Ladies of the court diſſected Count *O'Dunn*, as Ladies of the court always diſſect ſtrangers on their firſt appearance—one praiſed his legs, another praiſed his ſhoulders—a third praiſed his eyes—but the old Dutcheſs

cheſs of B—— was actually ſmitten with him on account of his *foreſinger*——

As the Count had croſſed one of the private court-yards, unfortunate for the old Dutcheſs of B—— he had occaſion to draw—off his *glove*—the old Dutcheſs of B—— was at that inſtant peeping at the Count through a lattice with her *magnifying* glaſs, and the *foreſinger* of the Count hit exactly upon her grace's *focus*.

Her grace could not avoid gazing on the Count's *foreſinger*—

The Count wore *two brilliants* on his *foreſinger*—they were *family jewels*, the Count's *father* had given them to his *mother*, his *mother* had given them to him—they rivetted the eyes of the old Dutcheſs of B—— with as faſcinating a power, as if ſhe had gazed upon a *rattle-ſnake*——

The old Dutcheſs was experienced in the value of *brilliants*, and the inſtant ſhe perceived thoſe on the Count's *foreſinger*, her grace exclaimed, never did I ſee ſuch a *finger!*

never

never did I ſee ſuch *brilliants!*—they are only fit for a Queen!——

The Dutcheſs of B—— was avaricious, therefore the inſtant the idea of the Queen came acroſs her grace, ſhe concluded, that if theſe *brilliants*, which garniſhed Count *O'Dunn*'s forefinger, could be procured for her Majeſty of Portugal—her own fortune was made——

Little did the Dutcheſs of B—— think, that by this determination ſhe would ſerve not only the Queen of Portugal, but the armed neutrality of Europe.

Some ſay that the Count having perceived the old Dutcheſs of B—— ſpeculating through the lattice, and knowing her to be in the Queen's confidence, he drew off his glove on purpoſe; but whether he did or did not, whether the action was *accidental* or *manœuvre*, it is certain, that the Count *O'Dunn* got *into* the Queen's *confidence* by it——

When the old Dutcheſs of B—— informed the Queen of Portugal of what ſhe had ſeen, her Portugueſe Majeſty ſmiled—you muſt

muſt be miſtaken, my dear Dutcheſs, ſaid the Queen, I never heard of ſo white, ſo taper a *foreſinger*, nor of ſuch *brilliants* as you have deſcribed—if they are ſo large, they muſt be equal in value to the famous diamond worn by the Great Mogul, and exceed that in the hat of the French King—you have been deceived by a falſe appearance—conſider, my dear, dear Dutcheſs, you were looking thro' a *magnifying* glaſs——

The Queen was right, and the Queen was wrong—the Dutcheſs of B—— was right—and the Dutcheſs of B—— was wrong—the old Dutcheſs was deceived, not in the *magnitude*, but in the quality of what ſhe ſuppoſed to be *brilliants*—they were nothing better than common *Iriſh diamonds*, which are plenty in London and Paris——

In Liſbon, they had *novelty* to recommend them——

We muſt keep up decorum, ſaid the Queen of Portugal to the Dutcheſs of B—— before we admit Count *O'Dunn* to our preſence; you muſt enquire into the nature of his buſineſs.

ſineſs—The old Dutcheſs flew to the anti-chamber, and put the queſtion to the Count, ſhe found him incircled by the Ladies of the court—My buſineſs, ſaid Count *O'Dunn*, is with the Queen herſelf—and to the Queen herſelf *alone*, will I impart my buſineſs——

Then you will not *truſt* me? ſaid the old Dutcheſs——

By heaven, I will not *truſt* you, my Lady Dutcheſs, nor any other Lady in the court—the court Ladies hung down their heads—

I am keeper of the Queen's *ſecrets*—ſaid the old Dutcheſs of B——

But you are not keeper of my *ſecrets*, anſwered Count *O'Dunn*.

The old Dutcheſs fixing her eye upon the Count's *forefinger*, took him by the hand, and led him to the Queen's apartment—

THE

THE HEM-SIGNAL.

THE Dutcheſs had much at *ſtake*, ſhe had drawn a picture for the Queen, and ſhe knew the conſequence, if the original ſhould fall *ſhort* of the copy. She had ſome doubts from what the Queen had ſtarted, that her *magnifying* glaſs might have deceived her (1).

(1) I was once very much deceived in a ſcene of my own writing, which depended upon the doctrine of *proportions*. The figure of an *Hercules* cloathed was to have been exhibited in my comedy of the WORLD AS IT GOES, *alias*, SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST, but the villainous property-man, had the fellow who repreſented the demi-god, put upon the pedeſtal as *naked*. I intended the figure ſhould have been *fully proportioned* in all its *parts*; whereas a *narrow-ſhouldered* man was choſen—ſo that when the *female-virtuoſo*, who was to have been rendered ridiculous, by applying *diſproportions* to a *proportioned* figure, came to give her judgment, the *ſatire* was *loſt*, the fellow who *played* the *ſtatue* being actually, in appearance, "too *narrow* in the *thorax* "to hold the *vital parts*, and horridly *diſproporti-* "*oned* in the *fore-ſhortening* of *one* of his *members*." ——M. C—W—Y.

Her

Her fears, however, ſubſided, upon her interview with the Count. She viewed him without her glaſs, and joy flushed her cheeks. She meaſured him with her eyes, as a female virtuoſo meaſures the beautiful repreſentations of *nature* in the galleries of Italy—

The Dutcheſs of B—— had been a woman of remarkable *ſenſibility*. *Sympathy* was her *weakneſs*. In her youth ſhe had found the higheſt ſatisfaction in *communicating* pleaſure to others, and her greateſt pleaſure now was in *procuring* it. Yet no woman had ever given more *pain* than the Dutcheſs of B—— but then no woman had ever gone further than the Dutcheſs of B—— to *alleviate* the pain ſhe had given. *Man* never *kneeled* to her *grace* in vain, nor petitioned her *grace* without relief (1)—

The Dutcheſs of B—— having approached the door of the royal cloſet, gave a loud *hem*. —This hem informed the Queen of Portugal that Count *O'Dunn* was near—

(1) An old lady of *my* acquaintance is juſt ſuch another merciful character.——H—RR—N, *Dowg.*

Her majeſty of Portugal was at that inſtant ſtanding before a great glaſs, wrapped up in admiration of herſelf. All Portugal admired the Queen of Portugal, but no ſubject in Portugal admired the Queen of Portugal more, than the Queen of Portugal admired herſelf—

Yet the Queen was not vain—ſhe knew the power of her charms, from their *effects* upon mankind, and the ſubject of her conſideration now was, to muſter and draw out in amorous array, their full force armed at all points againſt Count *O'Dunn*—

But the whole ſyſtem of the Queen of Portugal's intended operations againſt the Count, was overturned by the *hem-ſignal* of the Dutcheſs of B——. Every glance, every leer, every ſmile, every giggle, which *art* had armed for her aſſiſtance and long experience had exerciſed into diſcipline, fled at the inſtant the *hem-ſignal* was given; nor could the Queen, with all her generalſhip, rally them into order—nature had taken poſſeſſion of their poſt, and defied the powers of *art* to diſlodge her.

THE

THE INTERVIEW.

THE Queen of Portugal, as many able commanders have done, threw herſelf upon *chance*—ſhe ſat upon a ſopha—the *door* of the cloſet *opened*—the *eyes* of the Queen *ſhut*—

The complexion of the Queen of Portugal was a bright olive—Count *O'Dunn* never conſidered colours—he admired the whole ſex—every colour had its attraction for him—he loved *woman*, becauſe ſhe was *woman*; and to this generous affection he bore to *woman* kind, may be imputed a paſſion, the moſt generous and diſintereſted, which from his youth he had entertained for an individual.

The Count made his obeiſance—the Queen opened her eyes—the Count dropped the curtains of his eyes—a dead ſilence enſued—

The Dutcheſs of B—— broke ſilence—ſhe introduced the Count in form, as plenipotentiary from the court of France, and recollecting his declaration, in refuſing to communicate his buſineſs to any perſon but the Queen in *private*, ſhe retired, as a woman of diſcretion ſhould—ſhut the door—fell upon her knees—and applied her eye, cloſe to the *key-hole*—

Had Count *O'Dunn* been before all the male crowned heads in Europe, he would not have evinced diffidence—had Count *O'Dunn* been marching up againſt a battery, he would not have betrayed fear—yet the Count was ſilent, and trembled before the Queen of Portugal.

Pray, Captain, ſaid Maria, perceiving I reſted at the concluſion of the laſt ſentence, what made Count *O'Dunn* tremble?

If you do not know, Madam, you muſt aſk the naturaliſts—anſwered the Captain.

Maria had a quick conception—ſhe found it dangerous to require a more minute explanation—ſo requeſted I would proceed—

O'DUNN'S

O'DUNN'S NEGOTIATION.

HER majeſty of Portugal began the negotiation, whereas it was the duty of the Count to have began—but in truth he had forgot the intereſt of the *neutral* powers —there was nothing neutral about him—

Your prudence, Sir, ſaid the Queen, in not communicating your buſineſs to any of my miniſters, proves you worthy of your employment—the buſineſs of politicks ſhould never be carried on through a *medium*—

It is quite contrary in affairs of love, pleaſe your Majeſty, anſwered the Count—

You are certainly right, replied the Queen, giving up all thoughts of *politicks*, a *medium* in love is to be preferred—and the man who would reach a woman's heart, muſt firſt diſcover the proper *medium*.—The cool lover is deſpicable—an over-warm paſſion is ſeldom

laſting—but I ſhould wiſh to hear your opinion upon the *ſubject*—

It is too difficult a ſubject for me, ſaid the Count, I have attempted to diſcuſs it a thouſand and a thouſand times, but could never reach the *end*—love is a ſubject which defies the power of logick, of philoſophy, of mathematicks.——I have tried love *every way*, ſaid Count *O'Dunn*, and I have been told, that thoſe who have tried it ſcientifically and ſyſtematically, have found themſelves little better than *fools* upon the *ſubject*—

I knew a *fool*, ſaid the old Dutcheſs of B—— taking her eye from the key-hole—who could handle the ſubject better than the wiſeſt of them all—

Bleſs me, exclaimed the Queen, throwing her eye upon the Count's *forefinger*, how remiſs have I been in keeping you *ſtanding* ſo long—

It is my duty, anſwered the Count, to *ſtand* in your Majeſty's preſence—

But as you are the repreſentative of a King, replied the Queen, I inſiſt upon your ſitting—

The

The Count being ſeated upon a ſopha with the Queen, proceeded upon the buſineſs of the neutral powers—he preſented his *credentials*—the Queen of Portugal *examined* them—ſhe ſpoke of her obligations to England—the Count withdrew his *credentials* from her hand—the Queen drew them back—examined them again—the Count *puſhed* the point *cloſer*—ſtill the Queen objected, but *faintly*. The Count maintained his *point*—

Your Majeſty may perceive, ſaid the Count, turning up his *credentials* towards the Queen, ſo as to ſhew the two *brilliants* the Dutcheſs of B—— had mentioned, your Majeſty may perceive, ſaid he, it is a plain propoſition—

The Queen of Portugal *anſwered*—

The Count *O'Dunn replied*—

The Queen of Portugal *rebutted*—

The Count *O'Dunn ſurrebutted*.

I *ſubmit*, ſaid the Queen—you have *prevailed*—I give England—I give up every thing—I give up the world to your argument, Count *O!*—

Before the Queen could fully pronounce the Count's name, *O'Dunn* had put the pen in her hand, and her Majeſty ſubſcribed to the neutral confederacy—

Oh! ejaculated the Queen of Portugal—

Ah! ejaculated the old Dutcheſs of B—— and ſhe fell upon the floor—ſuch is the power of ſympathy, it flew through the key-hole, and hit the old Dutcheſs full on the brain—

France has carried the day, ſaid the old Dutcheſs of B—— opening the door, and entering the room—

Upon my ſoul, but you are out now, anſwered Count *O'Dunn*, as he put up his *credentials*—it was Ireland that carried the day—ſo making a bow, he retired, to diſpatch a courier to Paris—

Now the Dutcheſs of B—— having written an account of *O'Dunn*'s negotiation with the Queen of Portugal, to Madam *D'C*—— Lady of the French Queen's Bed-chamber, the French Queen inſiſted, that the French King ſhould recall Count *O'Dunn*, from an apprehenſion, that he might be aſſaſſinated—

UN PETIT SOUPER.

THE evening-dew beginning to fall heavy, *Maria* propoſed returning home. When we arrived at the town the Captain took his leave, having previouſly inſiſted, that I ſhould accompany him the next morning at ſix, to ſee a royal chace.

Maria, as we walked towards her lodgings, corroborated my ſuſpicion, that the Captain was a dying ſwain to virgin *Verjuice*; and aſſured me of much entertainment from the hiſtory of his amours, the Captain having, for a ſeries of years, been a conſtant dangler after rich old maids, and endowed widows of various deſcriptions—

We found the cloth laid, and ſupper was ſerved in, almoſt immediately after we entered the parlour—two plates upon the table informed me, that my company was expected,

and having no inclination to retreat ſuddenly, I ſat down to table with as eaſy familiarity, as if I had been one of the family—I ſaw *Maria* was pleaſed at the frankneſs of my conduct—and what can be more pleaſing than an unceremonious chearful acquieſcence in partaking of the hoſpitable preparations of a friend.—The ſupper would have loſt half its reliſh by a formal invitation—

You muſt help yourſelf, ſaid *Maria*, laying the wing of a duck upon her plate, I followed her example—

Here is wine, ſaid *Maria*—

A dumb-waiter, which ſtood at my right-hand, anſwered all the purpoſes of oſtentatious attendance—we ſat in the full enjoyment of liberty and ſocial feſtivity—eat, talked, and laughed, without reſtraint—

I muſt fill to the brim, ſaid I, taking up a decanter of Madeira—*Maria* ſmiled conſent—it is to the continuance of our love, my dear *Maria*—*Maria* bluſhed—ſhe hung her head, but as ſhe hung her head, ſhe turned up her eye—

Let

Let it overflow, ſaid *Maria*, and ſhe ſighed —let it overflow—I will pledge you with all my ſoul—

And I am all impatience, added I—my heart is thirſty for the toaſt—

We ſipped from our brimmers—touched glaſſes, and changed glaſſes—I taſted the nectar of *Maria*'s lip upon her glaſs—the touch had raiſed the ſparkle of the wine, and the wine had given her eyes additional luſtre—their power was irreſiſtible—I muſt quench this flame, thought I, as I ſwallowed my wine —but wine is oil to the lamp of love—the flame from my heart increaſed—

I got cloſe to *Maria*'s ſide, and preſſed her hand—we drank again, touched glaſſes, and touched cheeks—I had thrown my arm negligently acroſs the back of her chair—my head reclined upon her boſom—*Maria* rung a bell that lay upon the table, the ſervant appeared, ſhe ordered him to remove the ſupper-table—

AN ILLUSTRATION,

OR THE EXTINGUISHER.

DO you know, ſaid *Maria*, ſighing, as the ſervant left the room, that I have been thinking continually upon the cruelties, which the Captain told us were inflicted upon the poor *negroes*, by their mercileſs taſk-maſters—he ſays there are noble ſouls among theſe people—

Shakeſpeare was of the ſame opinion, ſaid I, when he drew the character of *Othello*—

Your ſpeaking of *Othello*, ſaid *Maria*, reminds me of a paſſage in the play, which I could never underſtand——I mean that line where *Othello* ſays—"*Put out the light, and "then put out the light.*"—I could never receive any ſatisfaction from the commentators.

There lay upon a couch, cloſe to *Maria*, a ſilver chamber-candleſtick and *extinguiſher*—

I will give you an *illuſtration* of the paſſage, ſaid I, taking up the *extinguiſher*—

"PUT

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT"—*I preſſed the extinguiſher upon the candles*—AND THEN ! ! !—

What ſay the *criticks* (1) to this *illuſtration* (2)? What ſay their *wives* (3)?

(1) As *critic* is an animal, not well underſtood, permit me to give a deſcription of it——

But ſoft, a *critic's* portrait I eſpy,
Lord ! what a jaundiced colour ſtains the eye ;
How hard th' expreſſion, without eaſe or grace,
Like *Janus* too, he wears a double face.——
F. PILLON—

This deſcription is well, it deſcribes your *hermaphrodite*, or *double-ſexed*, *double-headed* critic, with one face *braſs*, the other *human*.———C—W—Y AND WIFE.——

(2) *We* ſay, that in *our* opinion, this is a palpable *Iriſh bull*, which *we* cannot tranſlate into *plain Engliſh*, no more than *we* could tranſlate the *Iriſh debates* of the laſt ſeſſions of the *Iriſh parliament*, for *we* cannot *conceive* an *illuſtration* in the *dark*.—— WILLIAM W—DF—L.

We are all of the ſame opinion.——*The* DIURNAL CRITICS *of the* DAILY PAPERS——

(3) We ſay we can *conceive* an *illuſtration* in the *dark*, and though our *huſbands* cannot ſee ſuch an *illuſtration*, it is to *us* clear as the *ſun*.—Cats eyes are not neceſſary, it is an *illuſtration* to the *mind's eye*; and therefore, if the *thing* to be *illuſtrated* be *felt* and *underſtood*, it is ſufficient.——*The wives of* CRITICS——

FINIS.

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